THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 352 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE suggestion that Göring invited Lord Halifax to Berlin not just to swap hunting yarns but to swap colonial claims for a free hand in Central Europe raised a comic storm of protest in the Nazi press. Admittedly nothing in diplomacy happens so crudely as that. Lord Halifax's visit is to be compared with Lord Haldane's famous mission of 1912—a visit of inquiry rather than of negotiation. But the right questions at the right time may mean more than a signed contract, and it would be odd indeed if Lord Halifax and Hitler failed to discuss colonies and the future of Central Europe. The British Government has no intention of making any serious economic or colonial concessions on its own behalf; the natural alternative is to ask whether Hitler will leave off bothering us if we do not interfere, and indeed use our influence to prevent France from interfering, if circumstances favour the economic and perhaps political expansion of Germany in the east and south-east. After all, British diplomacy has long been concerned to weaken the link between France and the U.S.S.R., and little though our diplomats may like the prospect of German penetration and expansion in the east—to prevent which was one of the main objects of the last war—they may well regard it as the least of several evils to-day. Given that the League idea of settling disputes on the basis of justice is discarded, diplomacy must necessarily be concerned with tactful arrangements for the sacrifice of the weak to the strong.

The Fighting in China

The war in the Far East is going badly for China, though there is no sign of collapse or even of disunity in her armies. The Japanese have made ground on the Yellow River front, and early in the week were pressing the Chinese hard in the region of Tsinan. There has been very heavy fighting near Shanghai, where the Chinese have been pushed back considerably at some points, though they are holding on at others, as we write—notably at Soochow and Changsu. Big Japanese reinforcements are reported to have come in during the last ten days at the Yangtse and in Hangchow Bay, and the total of the invader's troops in this area is estimated now at something like a quarter of a million. Nanking is so seriously threatened that the seat of Government is being moved. Some of the Ministries have gone to Hankow, others to Chunking still farther away. The military command is remaining at Nanking, which it is declared will be defended to the last. How long resistance can be maintained, there or elsewhere, to the great mass-attacks of the Japanese, is a matter of speculation. The official spokesman in Nanking admits that the outlook is ominous, and appeals once more for action by the Brussels Conference to hearten the Chinese in their struggle.

Japan's Reply to Brussels

The Brussels Conference shows no sign of embarking on the action that the Chinese demand. Japan replied last week to the renewed request that she should come to Brussels. The reply was not merely a refusal; it was couched in language so firm—and by Japanese standards, even rude—as to relegate hopes of mediation by the Western Powers to limbo. All the Conference could do was to draw up—with Italy dissenting—a rejoinder again recording disapproval of Japan's aggression. But condemnatory words will obviously have no effect on Japanese policy, and there does not appear to be much fear in Tokio that Anglo-American co-operation will run to deeds. It has been suggested that if the Japanese military leaders behave high-handedly in the International Settlement at Shanghai, the Conference would be goaded into action. But despite General Matsui's threats, it is unlikely that they will take any such risk at this stage; the International Settlement, and other foreign concerns, can be dealt with later. As for the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty (which was a pledge to respect the integrity of China), it will presumably be the aim of each to safeguard its own interests in North China by negotiation with Tokio. Recent history offers some lessons on the probable results of their efforts.

Still Non-Intervening

The Spanish war has dropped out of the front-page news in the past week. But there was a new stirring on the "London front" on Tuesday, when the Soviet Ambassador informed the Non-Intervention Sub-Committee that Russia had changed her mind and would now come into line with the rest of the Powers regarding the withdrawal of volunteers and the granting of belligerent rights to Franco. Now that this obstacle, as Lord Plymouth put it, is removed from the Committee's path, it remains for Count Grandi and his friends to find a new one to put in its place—unless, indeed, Italy is really prepared to recall some of her troops. There have been reports recently to that effect, and it may be that Franco considers himself strong enough to dispense with a part, if not all, of his Italian infantry. Their withdrawal would not, of course, mean that he would be left unassisted in other, and more important, ways—or, to look at it through Italian spectacles, uncontrolled by Rome. In any case, the next business of the Non-Intervention Committee is to get the agreement of both sides in Spain to the withdrawal plan and then to put the plan into operation. Nobody supposes that this is going to be an easy task.

Helping Spain

While Conservative opinion in Britain is hardening in favour of Franco, the Labour Party's new Spanish Committee is throwing a welcome enthusiasm and energy into its programme. It is not confining itself to meetings, but organising a big educative and financial campaign, with the full backing of the Co-operative Movement, through whose stores collections are being made in every part of the country. There are good prospects of a very considerable quantity of food and milk reaching Spain; apart from its material value its arrival will do something to convince Spaniards that they are not utterly abandoned and betrayed by foreign democracies. In Spain itself the move from Valencia to Barcelona has been successfully carried through, but the expected fusion of the Catalan and Valencia Governments (by which President Companys was to become Vice-President of a new Government which would contain three other Catalan members) seems, for the time at least, to have been abandoned. Intent no doubt on helping the propaganda of those sympathisers abroad who are anxious to show that he is at heart an English gentleman with a good golfing handicap, General Franco has, we hear, now tried and condemned to death in their absence three well-known Spanish men of letters—Rafael Alberti, Emilio Prado and Altolaguirre (some of whose poems translated by Stephen Spender have recently been published in this journal). General Franco is apparently anxious to assure the Nazis that his hatred of culture is as relentless as their own.

Dictatorship in Brazil

The curtains of censorship have closed down on Rio de Janeiro; and the meaning of President Vargas's new move is obscure. The Constitution of 1934 has been abrogated by decree and supplanted by a new Constitution, which is some day to be submitted, all being well, to some sort of plebiscite. Meanwhile all public bodies—the directly elected Federal Chamber and Senate, the State Parliaments and the municipal councils—are dissolved. Until the plebiscite is held, Dr. Vargas is to remain President, and presidential elections will in future be held once every six years—not, as in the past, by direct vote, but by an electoral college. The Federal structure is retained, but the future legislature is to consist of a Chamber elected by indirect suffrage on Corporative State lines, and a Federal Council partly chosen by the State Assemblies and partly nominated by the President. All this smacks unpleasantly of Fascism—whose importation into South America, incidentally, would present new problems to the upholders of the Monroe Doctrine—but it is by no means clear that Dr. Vargas has decided to make common cause with the anti-Comintern front. He is clearly exploiting Brazil's awakening sense of nationalism to the full, and his proclamation contained the time-honoured references to the latent dangers of Communist anarchy. But since his accession to the Presidency in 1930 Dr. Vargas has had to cope with two armed risings and, with agrarian discontent intensified by the fall in coffee prices, he may well be concerned with strengthening his personal position rather than totalitarian experiments in government.

The French Libel Cases

The Croix de Feu continues to provide much needed amusement. Colonel de la Rocque is now engaged in a whole gamut of libel actions against newspapers of the Right and Left on account of their defamatory observations about him. M. Tardieu, who made an effective appearance in the original action, is again in the limelight, with circumstantial details about the Colonel "clicking his heels" in salutation when he took the Government's money—an accusation which, as far as it refers to the heel-clicking, the Colonel hotly denies. M. Laval, who refuses to put in a personal appearance, has been quoted in court as having stated that he had, as successor to M. Tardieu, made payments to the Croix de Feu, but must not be cited publicly as having admitted as much.

The newspaper editors who are under arraignment, headed by M. Daudet, are not attempting to withdraw, but are sticking to every word they said; so that the Communists and Socialists on the one hand and the *Action Française* on the other, find themselves for once on the same side. However the proceedings end, the Croix de Feu is likely to be further damaged. Indeed, already French Fascism is casting about for alternative instruments; but, though there is no dearth of would-be Führers, no one has yet appeared who seems at all to fill the bill.

Air-Raid Precautions

The dispute over the cost of air-raid precautions may be regarded as at an end, with the Bill's second reading. There was substance in Mr. Morrison's contention that demands for grandiose schemes might be fomented by interested parties—e.g., the cement and steel industries might lobby in favour of costly underground, bomb-proof shelters—Sir Samuel Hoare went only a little way to meet this point by promising a comprehensive revision of the financial provisions of the Bill, if need arose, within three year's time. Interest now centres rather on the efficacy of the measures which it is proposed should be taken. Against direct hits from the 500 lb. semi-armour-piercing bomb the Government admits that there is no practicable defence. In the case of the general-purpose bomb, the incendiary bomb and the gas bomb Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd spoke optimistically of the protection which would be afforded by two million pounds' worth of sand-bags, by the universal provision of respirators (with a "definitely curative quality for asthma in them"), by the proposed fire-fighting appliances, and by even crudely improvised gas-proof rooms. He admitted, however, the need for provisional plans to evacuate (heaven and not, we believe, Whitehall, knows how) the population of London and other large cities. The impression conveyed by Government spokesmen is that sufficient will be done to convince civilians that a national scheme for their protection is in being. If protection is not the same thing as immunity, so much the worse for the victims. But at least, it is hoped, the knowledge that there are gas-masks and shelters of sorts and that an army of fire-fighters and decontaminators can be mobilised will stiffen civilian morale, if war comes, and leave the Air Force free to get on with the business of destroying the enemy abroad without the embarrassment of panic at home.

The Shadow Food Control

The Government has now established a "shadow" Food Control scheme in view of the possibility of war. The country has been parted into divisions, as it was in the last war; and for each division there has been appointed a commissioner with the duty of getting into touch with the local authorities and working out in advance plans for war-time control of the distribution of supplies. We are told that this, unlike the air-raid precautions, will cost the local authorities nothing until war has actually broken out; for presumably the authorities are supposed to be in a position to make the requisite arrangements without engaging additional staff. Perhaps they are; but we should feel more comfortable about these administrative preparations if we had any confidence that as much attention was being given to ensuring the food supply as to rationing it out on the supposition of its existence in the country. It is wise to prepare the administrative organisation in advance instead of leaving it to be improvised when the need for it has actually arisen. But would it not also be wise to build up at least some reserve stocks of food, as well as of petrol, against a possible emergency?

Progress of the Public Health

The Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, published this week, is an encouraging document. In the past hundred years there has been immense progress in preventive medicine and in all branches of the public health, as Sir Arthur McNalty shows. But that we all knew. What is more important is whether the progress is continuing to-day. On the whole it is, as shown by the statistics, both of the general death rate and of the mortality rates from various diseases. The infant mortality rate last year was 59 per 1,000, as compared with 128 in 1901–10; maternal mortality was 3.80 per 1,000 live births, the lowest since 1923. Deaths from tuberculosis showed a lower percentage than ever before—but those from cancer showed a rise. But while we may congratulate ourselves on the steady advance, there is no ground for complacency. If we are not a C3 nation, we are still far from being A1. There are many reforms needed in our treatment of disease, and the vast problem of malnutrition is clamouring for solution. In this connection, the paragraphs of the Report dealing with consumption of milk will be read with interest. The Chief Medical Officer is hopeful about the "milk-bar habit," though safeguards are required against contamination and preservatives. A paragraph on Cosmetics discusses the risk of skin diseases involved in some of the beautifiers that are in common use. But our sisters and our cousins and our aunts will be happy to find that in the end the lipstick is let off with a caution.

The Consumer Pays

The cost of living continues to rise. It is now, by the official estimate, 60 per cent. above the pre-war level, as compared with 51 per cent. a year ago. Food prices have risen from 36 to 46 per cent. above those of 1914, and are still rising. The Food Council has just consented to a change in the method of calculating the standard price of bread, which has hitherto been based on the price of flour, so as to allow prices to be raised on account of increases in other costs of production. Moreover, it is commonly said by working-class housewives that the official figures understate the real rise in prices, because the cheaper qualities have risen most, and goods can no longer be bought at all at bargain prices as they could be not long ago. To this the official reply, given by Mr. Oliver Stanley again this week, is that prices were abnormally low during the depression, and must be expected to rise in view of the industrial recovery. So doubtless they were, and must. But if prices must rise, must not wages rise too? Unless wages are increased more rapidly than they have been so far, the benefits of cheap money will accrue more and more to the investors, and the conditions of a "profit-inflation" will be induced.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d. ; Foreign,* 1½*d. ; Canada,* 1*d.*

THE PRESIDENT TEMPORISES

WHEN the tape machines on Monday spelled out the Presidential Message to the special autumn session of Congress, Steel Common fell five points; from the world of American finance capital, which is conveniently described for short as Wall Street, the cry went up: "We have been double-crossed." Wall Street, of course, had expected too much. Forgetting that Congress had been summoned specifically to pass social legislation which recalcitrant Democrats had blocked in the dog days last summer, that Mr. John L. Lewis bulks fully as large in the doorway of the White House as the President of U.S. Steel, and that the language of Limehouse Liberalism is not unlearned overnight, it had counted on a Message renouncing the New Deal and all its works and presenting the United States on a platter to the tender care of Big Business. For its disappointment Mr. Roosevelt himself was in some part to blame. During the previous week he had raised hopes high throughout the Battery end of Manhattan. Had he not put up Mr. Secretary Morgenthau to tell the Academy of Political Science that retrenchment would be the order of the budgetary day and that the Administration's aim was now "to foster the full application of the driving force of private enterprise?" Had he not himself promised the gas and electricity utilities that, if they agreed to a reasonable revaluation of their nominal capital for the purpose of fixing their charges to consumers, there should be no further extensions of competitive Federal power enterprises on Tennessee Valley lines? Had he not sought guidance, as sedulously as any Oxford Grouper, from bankers, industrial executives and stockbrokers on methods of arresting the cumulative forces of incipient depression? Small wonder if the Message disappointed the Wall Street optimists, hot for certainties in the re-enfranchisement of the old racket of profit and plunder. Their disappointment, like their expectations, outruns reason; the President is clearly playing for time, but time in this case, like God, is on the side of the big battalions of finance.

For the moment, Mr. Roosevelt found it convenient to minimise the extent of actual and probable business recession. Insisting, in his Message, that underlying conditions are favourable and that the present industrial decline need not be severe or prolonged, he still stood forth as the champion of the Little Man. To Wall Street's bugbears—the taxes on undivided profits and capital gains—he made only oblique reference. Modifications there might be, he said, in the tax structure, but removal of unjust provisions must not lead to the creation of new injustices. Tax privileges must not be accorded to those whose intent was speculative profit rather than the actual development of productive, risk-bearing enterprise; above all, the scales must not be weighted against the small business or in favour of that "growing concentration of economic control and resultant monopolistic practices which persist to-day despite the anti-trust statutes." All this had an unpleasantly radical ring in Wall Street's ears, and little encouragement could be derived by the market from the President's references to the utility companies. Their problems, he declared, were receiving "renewed examination," but the unsound financing in which they had indulged rendered solution "frankly difficult." In any event, the immediate business before Congress would be to consider Bills to regulate farm production, to maintain national purchasing power by enacting minimum wage standards, and to reorganise Governmental machinery in the interests of greater administrative efficiency.

To those who had expected the President to preach a new gospel of benevolence to Big Business the Message appeared "unconstructive," and Wall Street was not encouraged even by the promise of a later Bill designed to stimulate private enterprise in housing—presumably by a system of State loans to purchasers. But though Mr. Roosevelt is evidently not yet ready to don the penitent's white sheet at the bidding of finance capital, or to tell the Middle West that the New Deal's conceptions of social justice must be slaughtered to make an Eastern bankers' holiday, the tone of the Message suggests that the President is vacillating, and that his recent conferences with business and banking executives have made a considerable impression on his mind. His attitude to the interests whom he was chastising four years ago with the scorpions of invective was significantly conciliatory. From the managers of large industrial and financial enterprises, he said, he had obtained "wisdom and advice of great value"; the immediate way to counteract a depression which was beginning to cause him "definite concern" would be to increase the employment-giving use of private capital; private enterprise, with co-operation on the part of the Government, could re-create a fresh era of prosperity. Only if capitalism "failed to respond" would the Government feel it incumbent on itself to "take up the slack." Making due allowance for political *convenances*, the President could hardly have intimated less decently that he had seen the light from Wall Street's point of view, and that the possibility of a "pause" *à la Blum* in the New Deal was by no means excluded.

In comparison with that of France the situation facing Mr. Roosevelt in the United States has points both of difference and similarity. There is no M. Chautemps waiting to step into the Presidential shoes; there has been no exodus of American capital abroad, and the budgetary deficit with which Mr. Morgenthau has to deal is much less intractable than that which broke M. Vincent-Auriol. On the other hand, President Roosevelt, like M. Blum, has mobilised against his Administration the passive resistance of almost the whole capitalist class. Leaving out of account the various economic frictions created by the less successful experiments in New Deal planning, the nature of the "jam" in which the U.S. Government now finds itself can be summarised in a few words. Having salvaged a shipwrecked financial and banking system in 1932–33, the President jollied America, albeit belatedly, some way along the road of general world recovery by prodigal expenditure from the Federal Treasury on relief and constructional works, whose effect coupled with currency depreciation, cheap money and A.A.A. rehabilitation of farm incomes, was a pronounced expansion of consumers' demand, reaching its climax a year ago with the $2,000 million Veterans' Bonus. Alarmed at the possibilities of a boom in consumers' goods and a serious price-inflation, Mr. Roosevelt began in 193 to abate the process of "pump-priming." Federal expenditure was reduced, financial orthodoxy promised in future budgets, checks imposed on further expansion o

banking credit. Having set the machine going, the President looked for a "natural" growth of momentum—only to find that his Governmental outlays had masked the absence of private capital investment in housing, factories and plant; that Big Business, antagonised by the social reforms, competitive Federal enterprises, progressive taxation and anti-speculation enactments of the New Deal, had gone quietly on strike; and that as soon as consumers' demand began to flag on the cessation of Federal boosting, the wage increases won by Labour with the tacit blessing of the White House produced a formidable disequilibrium in capitalist economy, intensified recently by the fall in raw material prices.

From this impasse the President can extricate himself only by moving decisively to the Left or to the Right; and for all the non-committal temporising of his Message to Congress there can be little doubt that it is in the latter direction that he will delicately move. The slump continues, engrossing the attention of the United States to the exclusion of any faint hopes there were that the Government was preparing to play a more active part in world politics. Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to watch passively the development of another major economic crisis, in whose stagnation and misery social order in America might easily perish. Currency devaluation is a trick which cannot be successfully played twice; credit, unused, is already ample; a further dose of inflationary Federal expenditure, at the cost of abandoning every prospect of budgetary equilibrium, would to-day result in frightening investors and still further deterring private enterprise. The only alternatives are to replace the partial planning of the New Deal by extended Government interference on a nation-wide scale and to convert the United States gradually into a Socialist Republic, or to give Big Business a free hand, repeal all anti-speculative taxes, shut down on T.V.A. experiments, and let the leaders of Wall Street, the utilities, banks, railways and steel "pull things round" in their own way.

If the capitalist racket in the United States is to work, the racketeers—as the President is beginning painfully to realise—must be allowed to make their own rules. And Mr. Roosevelt is unprepared to take up the challenge which Big Business has flung down. Because he was a Liberal, denying the existence of a class conflict, he was ideally equipped to pull up American psychology in 1933 from the despond of depression, when capitalism was sufficiently frightened to be willing to accept a dictator who preached social justice but saved Wall Street from financial disintegration at the price of being regimented by a Securities and Exchange Commission. Because he remains a Liberal, clinging pathetically to the belief that social justice and capitalism are compatible, he will lead no revolutionary assault against the system of production for profit. This being so, his surrender to the entrenched financial interests may be gradual, but it will be as certain as the post-war capitulation of Mr. Lloyd George, with whose political make-up he has so much in common. The President is not the man to die for causes which have lost their popularity. With industrial "shut-downs" looming ahead and Congress openly rebellious, the New Deal, it is to be feared, is destined to go the same way as the Land Fit for Heroes. Mr. Roosevelt's empirical Liberalism, when it comes to the test of the class issue, is not enduring stuff.

THE COAL BILL

THAT the nation should own its coal is undoubtedly a good thing. That it must pay compensation for the privilege to a number of private owners who are possessed of it merely because of an ancient legal decision ranking coal as a base mineral, is not so good, though inevitable under the existing conditions. That the resumption of this ownership by the State should cost £65 millions, plus a sum still unknown for the purchase of other minerals found together with coal in the same land, is not to be argued about, because the major sum has been fixed by impartial arbitration on the basis of so many years' purchase of the present income from coal royalties. That the process of valuing each separate owner's claim should be a prolonged business, to be spread over several years, is not to be wondered at; the assessment of this type of value is a tricky matter, and the fixing of the total sum to be paid by no means settles its apportionment among the various owners. But that it should be regarded as necessary to postpone the unification of royalties until the process of valuation has been finished seems merely absurd. Surely it would have been easy for the State, through the new Coal Commission, to take over the coal at once, and to pay out (as it is given power to do) interim sums to the existing owners pending a final settlement of their claims.

Nor is this delay until 1942 the most serious flaw in the new Coal Bill which the Government presented to Parliament last week. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the new clauses dealing with colliery amalgamations will prove to be almost, if not quite, as unworkable as those which brought the efforts of the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission of 1930 to nothing. It is true that the Railway and Canal Commission is no longer to have the power to decide for or against schemes of amalgamation on grounds of policy. This responsibility is now to be assumed by Parliament, or rather by the Board of Trade, subject to parliamentary ratification in each individual case. The Railway and Canal Commission is only to be given the task of "vetting" the actual schemes after approval has been given in general terms by Parliament. But this does not mean that compulsory amalgamations will be made any easier in practice; for, even when the Coal Commission has made up its mind that a scheme is desirable, and compulsion necessary in order to get it applied, the Commission will have to convince the Board of Trade, and the Board of Trade will have to convince both Houses of Parliament, before any detailed scheme can be brought before the Railway and Canal Commission. Moreover, it appears that the extraordinary clause inserted by the House of Lords into the 1930 Act is still to remain in substance; so that it will still have to be proved that any proposed scheme will not be financially injurious to any undertaking concerned, or the Railway and Canal Commission will have a valid reason for rejecting it as contrary to the terms of the Bill.

In these provisions it is easy to detect the hand of the colliery owners. Nor is it difficult to foresee that these same persons, whose parliamentary influence is very great, especially in the House of Lords, will make the fullest use of their opportunities when any scheme under the Act is brought to Parliament for approval. But will any schemes, or at all events more than a very few, ever be brought before Parliament? It is plainly the intention of the new Bill, as it was of the Act of 1930, to keep compulsory powers for use only in the very last resort, and for the most part to rely on the colliery owners to set their own house in order by way of voluntary arrangement. Anyone who expects the Bill to lead to colliery amalgamations on a district basis, including good and bad collieries together, is likely to be disappointed. The Coal Commission will have important duties on the administration of the unified royalties; but we shall be very much surprised if, without a further Act to widen its powers, it does much to promote the cause of regional unification of the collieries themselves.

We know now, what remained dark when Lord Baldwin made his election promise to "unify" royalties, what was, in his party's mind, the difference between "unification" and "nationalisation." It is, evidently, that any surplus revenue arising out of the transference of ownership shall not accrue to the State, but shall be used, in a number of specified ways, for the benefit of the coal industry—a course with which, in the present case, we have no quarrel. It does not mean, as some supposed at the time, that the royalties are to remain in private ownership, only their management being transferred to a collective agency. On the contrary, all private ownership of coal as such (worked or unworked, known or unknown) is to disappear, and the royalty owners are to be compensated in cash, out of money to be raised by loan through the new Coal Commission, with the backing of a Treasury guarantee. This method will ensure a substantial economy in interest, but will give the royalty owners an absolutely assured income in place of one dependent on the future fortunes of the coal industry. It may, moreover, have an undesirable indirect effect, by preventing the unemployed, or anyone else, from working small outcrops of coal, and either using coal for personal consumption or selling it locally to neighbours—for example, during a strike.

It was, of course, inevitable that the State should have to pay out to the royalty-owners the £65 millions prescribed by the Greene Committee. But we are a good deal less happy over the additional ten millions which the Coal Commission is to be authorised to borrow in order to cover, over and above both parties' costs arising out of the valuation and acquisition, supplementary payments for other minerals to be taken over in conjunction with the coal. We had supposed that the sum laid down by the Greene tribunal covered the whole of the royalty charges concerned; and we are somewhat suspicious that out of this £10 millions the owners may seek to recover a part of the further sums which they unsuccessfully claimed before the tribunal. But perhaps the debates on the Bill will make it clear that there are better safeguards against this than can be seen in the text itself.

For the rest, the Bill lays down a new and improved procedure for dealing with large consumers' complaints that they are being charged too much for their coal. In future, complaints of this sort will normally be heard in public; and the lawyers who preside over the committees of investigation will be given independent powers of decision when the committees fail to agree. This, with the further provisions for an appeal, is satisfactory as far as it goes; but consumers would be unwise to expect from it any reduction in the price of their coal. If it has any effect, the benefit is more likely to go to the large industrial consumers than to the domestic buyer.

Taken as a whole, the new Bill can be regarded as carrying out (subject to an unfortunate and unnecessary further delay) the old promises to bring about the unification of royalties; but it cannot be regarded as making any really significant contribution towards the reorganisation of the coal industry itself. It prolongs the special powers of price and output control vested in the colliery owners in 1930, without exacting any effective pledge of reorganisation in return. It is thus a step, not towards nationalisation or State control of the coal mines, but away from these things; for it is carefully laid down that the Coal Commission is to have no power to mine coal—except by way of undertaking prospecting and boring—of which it acquires a monopoly. If new mines are to be opened up, the Commission will have to lease the area to a private undertaking to be worked for profit; and colliery concerns which own their own coal are to be given a statutory right to receive leases from the State. Everything possible has been done to entrench private enterprise, and to prevent the Bill from being regarded, even by colliery owners, as the thin end of the wedge of socialisation. To this end, the powers of the Coal Commission to cancel or readjust leases would seem to have been closely circumscribed.

As against this, no matter what safeguards for capitalism may be inserted in the Bill, the transference of coal royalties to what is in effect public ownership remains a real step forward. Nor can anything prevent Parliament, when once the Coal Commission has been brought into existence, from enlarging its powers and functions by subsequent legislation. For that reason, we take it for granted that, whereas amendments to the Bill from the Labour side will be designed to strengthen and to improve it, there will be a repetition from the other side of the wrecking tactics which brought down the Government measure introduced last year. Remembering how the House of Lords mutilated into impotence whatever clauses it disliked—in effect, whatever the coal and royalty owners disliked—in the Bill of 1930, we can confidently expect a considerable struggle before even this Bill becomes law, despite the evident care which has been taken to placate the vested interests before introducing it. Nor will the battle end when it becomes law; for, as we have seen, there are endless openings for obstruction in the provisions dealing with schemes of amalgamation, and it is even possible that a time as far ahead as July, 1942, has been chosen as the "appointed day" not without hope in some quarters that the interval may afford a sufficient opportunity for wrecking the Act, even if it proves impossible to mutilate the Bill.

At all events, this Bill, despite its fifty clauses and eight schedules, makes no important contribution to setting the coal industry in order. It is mere tinkering, when what is needed is a comprehensive plan of public ownership of the mines and not merely of the coal, and of unified development of the industry as a public corporation, administered in the national interest. But for that it is necessary to await another, and a very different, Government.

A LONDON DIARY

HE had been in an asylum recently. But even madmen have a kind of logic of their own, and the man who interrupted the ceremony at the Cenotaph may have meant something when he called it hypocrisy. Could he have been thinking of the splendid words that they sang?

> Sufficient is Thine arm alone
> And our defence is sure.

Perhaps his clouded intellect saw some inconsistency between this assurance and the effort to supplement divine protection with so considerable a reinforcement of guns, aeroplanes and battleships. Or had this poor demented creature who shouted, as the constables' heavy hands closed his mouth, that we were "preparing for war," had his mental balance destroyed by taking the Sermon on the Mount seriously? It is idle to speculate. The affair was regrettable, but quickly ended. Sensitive people in the crowd, who probably thought the interruption in bad taste, are reported to have shouted, "Kill him!" That, I am glad to say, was not considered necessary. The man carried no weapon; he did not threaten the King. Indeed, he did not threaten or hurt anyone. He showed a courage which could only in the circumstances be regarded as a proof of dementia, and for which the appropriate remedy seems to be perpetual imprisonment in an institution for those with too keen a sense of logic and too feeble an appreciation of their own safety.

* * *

The Voice at the Cenotaph, asking us what we think we are doing, must be ignored, suppressed and forgotten, or how should we be able to go on doing it? Just like the Voice which H. G. Wells writes about in his latest story, *The Camford Visitation* (Methuen, 2s.). The parallel is worth noting, for Voices, embodied or disembodied, are increasingly likely to be heard in unexpected places, disturbing our last months or years of comfort. Mr. Wells's Voice interrupts not Armistice Day, but Congregation at which one of our ancient Universities is conferring honorary degrees on a Princess, a Brazilian magnate and other distinguished persons. The Voice preaches them quite a sermon, countering with impolite insistency the scholarly Latin of the Public Orator, reiterating that Oxford and Cambridge get the best selection of the nation's brains

and do not help them to meet the existing challenge to civilisation. . . " Half the stars in the sky are the burning rubbish of worlds that might have been." The Voice interrupts dinner at the equivalent of All Souls, raises doubts in the middle of lectures, cross-examines dons and has the temerity to criticise the Left in a Communist meeting. H. G. Wells has some of his fun here, parodying the Marxist account of this interruption in an undergraduate paper. However, they all agree, as we do after the Cenotaph incident, that it is best to ignore the interrupter. " How can we go on," says Mr. Wells's don, " keeping where we are, unless we ignore him ? "

* * *

About 12 years ago, as a very young university lecturer, I was asked to go and talk to prisoners in Pentonville. I found myself locked into a vast Chapel with about 30 privileged men. There were no warders present. The men were delighted when I let them know the football results in the evening paper and listened with interest to an account of Shaw's *St. Joan* which was then the big hit in London. But the thing they really wanted was just to hear themselves speak. At first they were absolutely silent ; but when I asked a question they put up their hands like schoolboys and began to speak together. The worst thing I remember was the face of one lad who never spoke at all. He was obviously rather less than half-witted. What could be the point of keeping him locked up in that tomb of stone and iron ? One day we were in the middle of a discussion about free trade and tariffs when the chapel door was opened and the Deputy Governor came in. We had some talk afterwards. He was enlightened, practical and humane. He said to me : " I get tired of a lot of theories about prison. There's only one attitude possible—how to put these fellows on their legs again after they get out. When the men come in I say to them, ' Behave yourself here and you'll get a job when you get out.' And now that we've got all this unemployment, I can't be as good as my word, and feel beastly about it." The name of the Deputy-Governor was Clayton.

* * *

I was reminded of this conversation by another book on Parkhurst prison which has just been published. It is called *Chokey* (Gollancz, 6*s*.). The author is " a Red-Collar Man "—which means a privileged prisoner who has a job helping the warders. This particular red-collar man worked in the punishment cells (called " Chokey ") at the time when Macartney, author of *Walls Have Mouths*, was also a prisoner in Parkhurst. When that book appeared I pointed out that Macartney gave proof of his reliability by referring to the efforts of Clayton (who came on to Parkhurst from Pentonville), to break down the worst absurdities of prison red-tape and the worst brutalities of prison sadism. I checked it up from quite a different source and was able to corroborate Macartney's evidence of the exceptional badness at Parkhurst before Clayton's arrival. But as one can tell by reading these two books, the amount that intelligent governors can do is strictly limited. They can't, even if they want to, carry out a reform which " Red-Collar Man " urges as vitally necessary and which I gather Sir Samuel Hoare is putting into effect. Prisoners agree about the almost incredible lengths to which men will go for the sake of " snout " (snout is tobacco to smoke or chew). Red-Collar Man gives one example after another of men risking their remission and " stage " (which involve such important questions as whether they can write or receive letters) and punishment cell with bread and water for the sake of half-an-inch of plug. Apparently Sir Samuel Hoare agrees that if men are allowed tobacco, they are far better prisoners and swiftly amenable to the threat of losing their right to it. In the absence of tobacco there is no remedy but the punishment cell, and in punishment cells men go mad from loneliness and silence and physical brutality unless they find some outlet such as " smashing up," shouting all night, attacking their warders (for which they are liable to get the cat), or attempting, occasionally with success, to commit suicide. Red-Collar Man's eye-witness description of attacks on helpless prisoners by three or four warders are given special point at the moment by the recent dismissal of three warders for this offence from Wandsworth, and by Mr. McGovern's shocking allegations in the House on Wednesday about the treatment of a prisoner in Barlinnie Gaol. *Chokey* is a most impressive book. It concentrates on a factual account of one aspect of prison—the prison within prison. The facts are obviously substantially accurate, and only occasionally too horrible to read. I hope Sir Samuel Hoare does not find it too horrible to read. I know that he wishes to make our convict prisons less silly and less ghastly. To do so needs more than good will on the part of the Home Secretary ; it needs imagination, courage and above all, implacable persistence.

* * *

When John Langdon-Davies published *Behind the Spanish Barricades*, he was bitterly attacked in the Catholic press ; some papers were compelled to apologise to him in court and pay him a sum of money in settlement of actions for defamatory libel. Mr. Langdon-Davies has now found in Spain copies of a Catholic Catechism which justify his statement that the Spanish Church teaches that it is " mortal sin to vote Liberal." He quotes from this Catechism in a restrained and illuminating pamphlet called *The Spanish Church and Politics* (Watts, 1*d*.). I recommend it to everyone interested in politics—not only in Spanish politics—and in particular I hope that members of the Catholic Church in England will read it. There are thousands of civilised tolerant Catholics here who have no idea what Rome means in countries where the population is uneducated and Catholicism politically powerful. In Spain its official teaching has been that " every Liberal Government " is " hostile to the Church," because it stands for the principles of 1789—" so-called national sovereignty, freedom of religious cults, freedom of the press, freedom of instruction, universal morality and other such," that every sort of moral disaster and heresy springs from these principles, that it is " mortal sin " to keep their triumph by voting for a Liberal and that the Church must, when it can, take part in politics to defeat these principles. It will be noted that according to this definition we in England are almost all " liberals," because of our history, and that the pretence that Catholicism is only fighting " Communism " in Spain is exactly the same pretence as the anti-Comintern pretence of the German, Italian and Japanese Governments that they oppose not freedom, but Communism. Goebbels was more honest when he used the same phrase as the Spanish Catholic Catechism. National Socialism, he said, stood to overthrow all the principles of 1789—liberty, equality, brotherhood. Quite so, and for the same reason as the Catholic Church (which in Germany he quarrels with for its universalism) —both fear Liberalism, because they fear the individual who thinks and therefore threatens privilege and class-rule.

* * *

The French marigolds which have been a steady blaze of copper and yellow for more than six months have at length given in to last week's frost, and so have the salvia and the yellow antirrhinums and the bit of sweet rocket which came out in October and the anchusa which survived into November—they've all decided to give up the struggle at last. But the hollyhocks and red-hot pokers are still going strong and the kingcup plants which I dug up from a wild marsh and planted in my stream in October have actually taken the opportunity of bursting into flower. I asked Mr. Park if he'd ever seen a later season. He is a cautious man and not given to superlatives. No, he said, he didn't recall one, not down in Essex. When I added that my colleague Dives, who has the eccentric habit of having his week-end cottage in Scotland, reported that the rose campions there were in full flower, that there were fat green buds on the ash trees and that a mixed party making a bonfire of dead leaves were distracted from their work by the amorous activities of robins who appeared to think that the mating season had arrived, Mr. Park paid me the most enthusiastic compliment he ever offers me : " I don't disbelieve you at all, sir," he said and returned to the job of manuring the rose-bed.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "R. P."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

St. Paul's Walden (Hertfordshire), Sunday. A few minutes after the King and Queen had left the parish church here after morning service to-day, women were fighting in the aisle to sit in their places. They pushed each other, stumbled over hassocks, and struggled to sit in the cane-bottomed chairs. At times there were women both kneeling on the two red plush cushions and sitting on the Royal chairs.—*Daily Dispatch.*

At Leeds the Lord Mayor (Alderman J. Badlay) did not remove his hat during the National Anthem. The Lady Mayoress said later: "It was because he catches cold so easily."—*Daily Mirror.*

During the Silence in Manchester an aeroplane carrying advertising matter flew over the city.

The Mayor of Salford commented: "Commercialism should not enter into the Silence."

The Stipendiary Magistrate (Mr. Percy Macbeth) said: "It was a terrible thing. Someone ought to have gone up with a gun and shot him."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

A middle-aged man rowing on Regent's Park lake tried to stand in his skiff for the Two Minutes' Silence. He overbalanced, fell, and stood waist-deep in water to keep the Silence.—*Daily Mirror.*

Earlier, speaking at the Earl Haig Memorial Institute, he [the Mayor of Cardiff] said his religious faith taught him that a man who fought and died for his King and country was assured of eternal life.—*Western Mail and South Wales News.*

If ever I wanted rough work done quickly and cheaply, give me the tramp navvy. Sub him every night, pay him a penny or two over the local rate, put a proper ganger over him, and you can work him sixteen hours a day.—Article in *Countryman.*

Silver Cigarette Case, engraved with map of Europe, British Isles inlaid in Gold.—Advt. in *Punch.*

A Dogs' Rendezvous.—Fire in rooms; fish, fresh beef, brown bread; playground. Called for by car. From 7*s.* 6*d.* per week.—Advt. in the *Times.*

At present there are officers in command of motorised units who insist upon wearing field boots and spurs. They climb solemnly into their motors in this kit, and I am telling no secret when I say that some of the Army's chief men think this ridiculous.—*Star.*

May I put in a plea for more English light music in B.B.C. programmes and less of these Continental feature programmes? I am not an insular spinster who deplores everything that is foreign—I take my Cook's tour yearly—but I confess that I am getting a little tired of so many of these Continental cafes, and so on.—Letter in *Radio Times.*

The Bournemouth accountant, Mr. K. H. H. Baily, who left Bournemouth on Wednesday to run to the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition arrived there at 12.50 p.m. to-day. He crossed the Channel in the Queen Mary, and kept up his intention of running to Paris by running round the deck during the voyage. In an interview shortly after arrival he said: "I feel quite fresh apart from extreme fatigue in my feet." He added that he wished to deny reports that the run was made for a bet. His idea was to do something to promote the cause of international friendship.—*Evening Standard.*

SURVIVAL OF THE QUICKEST

Shrewsbury claims to be building the first municipal bomb shelter in Britain. Of reinforced concrete it will be ten feet below ground level and hold *at least one hundred people.* The population of the borough is 32,370.—*Medicine, To-day and To-morrow.*

The conference (North of England Temperance League) passed a resolution expressing alarm at the frequent reference in song and speech to the use of alcoholic liquors in the programmes of the B.B.C. Mr. Frank Taylor, general secretary, said that in one week there were 116 occasions when drink was mentioned and in a second week 130 occasions, and that the consumption of wine was referred to in the children's programme.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE FARCE OF LEGAL AID

A FEW months ago, in a provincial police court, a woman was prosecuted for stealing articles from one of the cheap stores. A Chief Constable was conducting the prosecution. The woman, who had pleaded not guilty, was not legally represented. She had been told to ask questions, if she wished, of a witness for the prosecution, and was making the usual hopeless failure to do so. The Clerk made an attempt to help, then gave it up. I was in court waiting for another case, and told the Bench that I was willing to put questions for the woman, if she and the magistrates wished me to do so. Both gladly accepted my offer. The Chief Constable, however, was highly indignant, and protested strongly that he had never heard of such a thing, and that my conduct was most improper. His protests were unavailing. I may add that in this particular case there was no question of legal aid being asked for or offered, though the woman was obviously poor.

In 1935, the latest year for which statistics have been published, magistrates sitting in what are called police courts found defendants guilty in 752,596 cases. Of these 57 per cent. were traffic offences, many of them trivial, and there were a great number of minor charges. Among the convictions by the magistrates of persons over 17 years of age, however, were 37,411 for indictable offences, chiefly theft, frauds and false pretences and breaking and entering, and many of the non-indictable offences are very serious for the persons concerned. Traffic offences, too, may affect the livelihood of lorry drivers and others. Altogether, 19,538 persons were sent to prison in 1935 by the "police" courts for various offences. Fines were, of course, more numerous, and the mere fact of conviction is often a serious matter. Many of these persons probably pleaded guilty, though whether they ought to have done so is another matter. But, after making all allowances, there remains a very large number of persons who are convicted by the magistrates of serious crimes, and the majority of these people are not legally represented.

That legal aid is necessary to secure a fair trial is generally accepted. Over a century ago Sidney Smith put forward unanswerable arguments on the point. It was one of the few sound propositions put forward by the late Horatio Bottomley, who spoke with knowledge on this matter. But it is put beyond argument by the fact that practically without exception everyone who can afford it is legally represented. And so, in 1930, the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act was passed, enabling, for the first time, magistrates to grant legal aid to persons tried before them where such persons were of insufficient means and "by reason of the gravity of the charge or of exceptional circumstances" it was desirable in the interests of justice. The Act also provided for legal aid in cases to be sent for trial at Assizes or Quarter Sessions.

Members of Parliament who supported the Bill obviously thought they were bringing about a great reform, especially with regard to the courts of summary jurisdiction. Typical of many others was a speech by Mr. J. J. McShane, then Labour Member for Walsall, in which, appealing to the House to get the Bill through quickly, he said on May 2nd, 1930:

> There are in poverty-stricken areas to-day men and women who, if this Bill is not allowed to pass, may be put in prison because of their complete inability to express themselves in a magistrate's court. Those of us who have lived and been reared amongst these people know that they are hopelessly inarticulate in such matters.

Mr. McShane is himself a magistrate now, but, most unfortunately, no longer in the House of Commons.

Mr. Knight said, on the same day:

> It is the greatest scandal in the present administration of justice that poor people should go to court unhelped, and the promoters of the Bill are pressing this Bill for the purpose of ending that scandal.

So much for good intentions. Let us see the result as disclosed by the official statistics.

There are in England and Wales 1,044 courts of summary jurisdiction, commonly known as police courts. The latest published figures are for 1935. In that year the 1,044 courts granted 336 legal aid certificates for cases tried before them (see *Criminal Statistics, England and Wales*, 1935, p. 142). During the last four years for which the figures are available 1,065 certificates were granted, an average per court of one every four years. We have seen the immense number of serious cases dealt with by the magistrates. It is improbable that the destitute classes are almost entirely free from crime. The irresistible inference is that the Act has not ended, nor even perceptibly diminished, what Mr. Knight described as the greatest scandal in the present administration of justice. It is true that in the four years only 428 applications for legal aid were refused. Very few accused persons have heard of free legal aid. But in these years the magistrates offered legal aid in 127 cases only.

There are two main reasons for the failure of the Act. The first, and the more important, is that magistrates, their clerks, and the police, dislike defended cases. The justices as a body know nothing of the presumption of the innocence of the accused, which is the basis of our theory of criminal justice, and regard every person brought before them as guilty until the contrary is proved. Naturally enough, they regard as waste of time anything which tends to upset so convenient and comforting an assumption. It is significant, even after allowing for the gravity of the offences, that justices grant about five times as many certificates for legal aid in respect of the 1 per cent. of cases they commit for trial at Assizes or Quarter Sessions as for the 99 per cent. they deal with themselves.

Clerks, as a class, dislike a case to be defended because the time-saving irregularities of which they are so fond are thereby prevented. Moreover, granting legal aid almost inevitably means an adjournment. The following story, told me by a magistrate whose authority I have to publish it, is illuminating. A destitute woman was before the court of which he was a member, charged with larceny. She pleaded not guilty. My informant suggested she should be offered legal aid. The question was discussed, and the Clerk intervened, saying legal aid ought not to be granted, as he had been into the case and there was no doubt of her guilt. My friend, new to the Bench, was horrified, and pointed out that no evidence had been heard, but the Chairman strenuously supported the Clerk. The second reason is that the cost of these certificates comes out of the local rates, and the justices are shocked at the idea of spending for such a purpose funds to which they themselves contribute. The costs authorised by the Act on a legal aid certificate for a court of summary jurisdiction are a maximum of £2 2*s*., with the special increase. Some courts allow the maximum, others do not. A large provincial court in which I commonly appear allows £1 1*s*., which the 33⅓% addition increases to £1 8*s*. Thus the average expenditure per court since the Act was passed must have been less than fifteen shillings yearly.

In the debate on the Bill to which I have before referred the then Solicitor-General said:

> We want this Bill, when it becomes an Act, to be worked. We do not want it to be so overloaded with costs that it may make local justices rather unwilling to work it. We want it to be an Act under which this power which we are giving to justices will be fairly and freely used.

I wonder whether the Solicitor-General realised how extremely economical local justices are when granting anything to the defence? Incidentally, in the district in which I practise £3 3*s*. is the fee usually allowed to the solicitor prosecuting in motoring cases, in which, of course, the evidence is procured by the police.

The hardship is bitter for the undefended poor. The law has recognised the hardship and provided a remedy which the justices will not use. Cannot the Home Secretary move in the matter?

SOLICITOR

L FOR LEARNER

THE small car in front carried the scarlet letter, L, as a sign of warning. The woman at the wheel plunged her arm through the open window and made wild and unmeaning signals. Cautiously she crept round a bicycle, getting as near the far side of the road as if she had been edging her way past a rattlesnake. No sooner had she passed the bicycle than she again thrust her arm out of the window almost to the shoulder, sawed it up and down, went to the right, went to the left, slowed down, speeded up, with her black arm working assiduously. She had seen a lorry approaching two hundred yards away, and, if she had been in a small boat with the *Queen Mary* bearing down on her at full speed, she could scarcely have shown a keener sense of the dangerousness of life. If she had had a few more arms, I am sure that one of them would have been signalling through the other window and another of them would have been waving illegible messages through the sunshine roof. She had evidently been studying the official road-book and, having forgotten which was the right signal for any particular occasion, she was making a kind of blend of all the signals she could remember and adding a few original signals of her own.

"She'll not fail in her test," I said to my friend's chauffeur, "for want of giving signals." "Ah!" he said, "I always sympathise with Learners. They don't know it, but that's the happiest time of their lives. The car's still a wild animal. You don't know what it may do next. It may stop dead or bolt with you and play you all kinds of tricks, and, when you get it to go right, you feel you're a lion-tamer. But, when you've learnt to drive, there's nothing more in it. It's all automatic and easy. Your car's not a wild animal any more: it's only a machine. I'd give a lot," said he, with a look full of tender reminiscence at the car in front of us, "to be that young woman."

Strange to say, I had never looked on driving from this point of view. It was with the greatest reluctance that I learned to drive, and I did so only in obedience to orders. I was convinced that, never having even ridden a bicycle, I should be a public danger at the wheel of a car in the crowded London streets. If I consented to learn in the end, it was only because I noticed that a great number of people were driving who did not look a whit more intelligent than myself. Day after day I stood on the kerb at the corner of Wellington Street and observed with satisfaction the stupid faces of many of the motorists. "If that man can drive a car," I would say to myself, after a low-foreheaded motorist had swept past, "I can." And I made my way to a motoring school.

I cannot say, however, that I enjoyed learning to drive. I am too self-conscious to enjoy making a fool of myself in public, and I felt a fool every time my engine got stalled, if that is the right expression, in a traffic-block. When my engine boiled, I was seriously alarmed, for, knowing nothing about machinery, I thought that at any moment the car might explode like a bomb. It was the same when smoke came out of the gear box, and when the smell of something burning told me that I had been driving with my brake on. A lion-tamer, I am sure, has his troubles, but they can be nothing to what mine were as a car-tamer. I certainly did not enjoy it when I backed the car into a deep ditch on a Surrey main road on a Bank Holiday, with passing charabancs full of holiday-makers thoroughly enjoying my distress. I groaned every time a collision with a gate-post made one more enormous wound in a mudguard. My face was pitiful to see when the police arrived and took particulars because owing to a slipped clutch the car ran backwards down a Hampstead hill, crashed into a lamp-post, and left it heeling over at an angle of

45 degrees. It is true that I succeeded in avoiding dogs, cats and poultry during my pupillage, but my heart was in my mouth as, at great risk to myself and other motorists, I saved their foolish lives. No, I don't think I enjoyed learning very much, apart from pressing my foot on the accelerator on an empty by-pass and seeing the speedometer mounting. "Step on it," my instructor would say; "give her the juice." I did, and there was certainly something of the wine of life in that. Then he would say: "Slow down. Take care of this madman rounding the bus. Thought so,"—as the car rushed past us—"a Jew. One thing I'd like to impress on you, Mr. Y. Always be careful when you see a woman or a Jew driving." I promised him that I would, but I must confess that most of the bad drivers I met both in those days and in the years that followed were men and Christians.

Then came the time when I had learnt to drive, and the car was no longer a wild animal. To be perfectly frank, I liked it much better as a machine. Not that I ever became an enthusiastic driver. I always disliked the first twenty minutes, but after I had been driving for about two hours and the car had warmed to its work and gave the impression that it liked being driven and would like still better to be driven faster, I felt a curious elation as if the car and myself were one being, like a good horse and his rider. And, as the car became more and more battered after three other people had learned to drive it, I felt for it something of the affection that many people—not I—feel for an old, familiar dog. It was with real sadness that I parted with it. I forgot all the tricks it had played me in its skittish youth, and remembered only the happy days we had had together at Fountains Abbey and at Falmouth, at Epsom and Twickenham and Kilmacrennan.

If the chauffeur's experience was different from mine—if he enjoyed learning to drive more than driving perfectly—this may have been because he had an instinctive love of machinery and liked it the more the more call it made on his faculties. Or it may have been because he learnt to drive too perfectly, for perfection, according to some authorities, is always dull. I, for my part, have no taste for machinery and never learnt to drive perfectly. I always remained a Learner, and I enjoyed the more advanced stages of learning more than the first stumbling steps.

I am inclined to think, however, that the chauffeur's philosophy is right about learning in general. Apart from motoring, how enviable is the lot of the beginner! How beautiful a world opened out before one with one's first peep into a French grammar! The gardener's wife and the aunt who had a pen were figures of a graciousness never achieved by any of the French novelists whom one read in later life. If you care for foreign languages, the grammars that first introduce them to you breathe a fragrance never communicated by any other books. What a strange glory has the Latin vocative when it first dawns on the eyes of a child! How entrancing are the Greek letters first espied on the printed page! How the mysteries of language unroll themselves, like an unknown country on a map, in noble phrases such as "ablative absolute," "oratio obliqua," and "non est dubium quin"! "Pluperfect," "supine," "middle voice," "properispomenon"—these are passwords into the great lost world of the dead. There are educationists to-day, I have been told, who despise grammar, but many a schoolboy, I fancy, has drunk in the poetry of the ancient civilisations from his first Greek and Latin grammars no less than from Homer and Virgil themselves.

Since there is so much pleasure in learning, then, it seems to me to be the part of a wise man to see to it that through life he is always beginning to learn some new subject. Did not Jowett begin to study physiology at seventy? Anyone whose friends have begun to take an interest in ornithology must have noticed the rejuvenating effect this has had on them. They begin to live with a new intensity. They become explorers on a quest, and dream of godwits in their sleep. The world is created afresh for them at sight of crossbills in a tree, and all the miseries of mankind are forgotten as they watch lime-white gannets battling with a storm and diving into wild waters. And the great thing about ornithology is that no man need ever fear that he will become perfect in it as the motorist can become perfect in his driving. Even if a man can devote his whole time to bird-watching, it is certain, or almost so, that when he dies there will still be some birds that he has never seen. Very few people have even seen all the birds of England.

Then there are flowers and fossils and flint arrowheads. I am not so sure about arrowheads. Even as a learner, I think I should be bored by them. But, if your taste runs that way, you may find some poetry in them. The important thing is to find a subject that will reawaken in you the curiosity of the child—the child enraptured by its first sight of "O table!" and the aunt with the pen. The world being so full of a number of things, the choice of subjects is wide and varied. Conchology or heraldry, economics or palaeontology—there is no such thing as a bad subject if you approach it in the spirit of the initiate motorist who loves Learning and displays his letter L, not as an apology, but as a boast. Y. Y.

EDUCATION IN AFRICA

AN ex-governor of one of the continental African empires remarked the other day that, among the institutions we had developed in our colonial government, the one he most envied was that of the visiting Commission. Such a body can throw a sudden light upon the distant and possibly dark corners of Imperialism, and by its discussions can educate not only its own members but public opinion at home and in the territory concerned. The recent Report of the Royal Commission upon Palestine is an example of the value of this method, and its recommendations have found substantial endorsement among all parties. The same will probably be true of the more recent Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the possibilities of higher education in East Africa.

Two features of education in East Africa must have struck the English members of the Commission. The first is its backwardness. Even in Uganda, where education is much more advanced than in the rest of East Africa, only one-third of the children of school-age attend any school, and of these five-sixths attend for a year or two one of the mission "bush" schools, most of which offer little which can properly be called education. The Commission estimates that of 720,000 children in Uganda only about 45,000 receive an education leading them up to the standard attained by children of 11 years in England. Only 10 per cent. of the girls attend any school. In the whole of the six territories of East and Central Africa, with their fifteen million inhabitants, there is only one full secondary school, the Government College of Makerere in Buganda, with its 210 students, some of whom are already doing post-secondary courses. In Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and Zanzibar, though not, it seems, in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, there are schools which may shortly achieve full secondary status.

The next feature of East African education is that it is almost wholly in the hands of the missions, and that the Governments have only effectively entered the field in very recent years. This they did partly by making financial grants to the missions in such a way as to improve and direct their work especially in the higher grades and partly by themselves undertaking educational work, notably at Makerere, and at Tabora in Tanganyika. Yet in spite of this the achievements of Makerere and the needs of East Africa have led the Commission to a main recommendation that to many will come as something of a shock. "We are proposing the establishment of a University College in the near future and of a University at no very distant date." Makerere is to remain a secondary school, and all its present post-secondary work and the already very advanced medical training of Uganda is to be the function of a new higher college to be built upon a hill near Kampala. This college

will require an endowment of half a million pounds to provide the main part of its maintenance costs, and £170,000 capital outlay. The Uganda Government, at present in charge of Sir Philip Mitchell, whose keen interest gave the main impulse to the Commission, will almost certainly provide £300,000 from its surplus balances. It is hoped that the rest will come from the other Governments concerned and from bodies and individuals in this country who are interested in East Africa or feel some obligation towards its peoples.

The Commission naturally give much attention to the improvement of the system that is to carry this fine superstructure. Grants to missions are to continue and probably to increase, but they are to be allocated with an even more careful eye to their educational employment. The Government in Uganda—to which country all the more detailed recommendations refer—is to undertake more educational work, both directly and, as in Tanganyika, through the Native Administrations. Some interesting new ideas enliven this part of this Report. One is that a proportion of the staff for Government secondary schools should be on short-term contracts or on secondment from the United Kingdom. Another is that there should be an East African school-leaving examination adapted to local needs, and planned for its true purpose only and not as that gateway to higher studies round which too often all the school-children are induced to crowd, though few can pass through it. A special investigation is recommended into the difficult question which the French have found so easy, of how, and how far, East African children should be taught the language of their rulers. Much emphasis is laid upon the urgent necessity of helping African women to catch up with the standards of those educated men, who at present have to choose their wives and the mothers of their children from a sex which remains ignorant, conservative and unhygienic. African witnesses impressed the Commission with their strong opinions on this question.

Two charges will be brought against this Report. One, already bound up with its pages in Dr. Murray's minority report, is that it invades too drastically the field hitherto held by the missions. Dr. Murray says something, and might have said more, of the achievements of the missions in Uganda. They arrived before the Government, even before the British East Africa Company. The early history of the country is bound up with Stanley's famous challenge, with the names of Mackay of Uganda and of Bishop Hannington; with the early martyrdoms of these astonishingly religious Baganda and of the three-sided religious wars which broke out between the Protestants, the Roman Catholics and the Mohammedans, all very recent converts to their respective creeds. Out of a population of 3½ millions, the Census of 1931 shows nearly a million Christians, almost equally divided between what, in spite of Dr. Murray, must be called the two rival Churches, and no one who knows Uganda can deny that Christianity has played a large part in moulding the social advance of the people. The missions have used education as a means of conversion, and their adherents will ask if the proposed enlargement of Government activity will not diminish the empire of Christ. The non-religious may share their fears on the political ground that a people released suddenly from the bonds of tribal society need, in the interval before they have learned a new and wider civic sense, the restraint that only religion can give. Others may ask whether the State, and especially that imposed by an alien imperial Government, is the best agent for education.

There is substance in these fears. The answer is that all the money for an educational advance must now come from the Government. Can it, in justice to the taxpayers, hand this over to be expended by two bodies not primarily concerned with secular education, and unable to command the most highly qualified staff? The danger of over-paternalism is met by the Commission's proposals that the financing of the College and the appointment of the Principal, the Council and the Assembly should be designed to secure a large degree of autonomy *vis-à-vis* at least the local government.

From certain quarters it will be objected that the proposals are premature and top-heavy. The Commission, however, show themselves well aware that the educational advance must be related to territories that are both African and agricultural. But the view is implicit in their pages that the gradual, normal development of older countries is neither possible nor desirable. Here violent adaptations have to be made to meet the violent effects of our intrusion. No trustee worth the name can sit back and contemplate without impatience the vast discrepancies between African backwardness and civilised standards, of which one item may be an infant mortality rate of from 500 to 700 per 1,000. Yet no African population can afford a sufficiency of expensive imported civil servants to make a mass attack upon their poverty, ignorance and disease. Here the Commission is most realistic, and has compiled, not from fancy but from the sober, economical facts supplied by all the East African departments, the estimate that in the next ten years there will be a demand for 1,000 Africans from the Higher College and another 1,000 from the secondary schools. This demand is for Government service alone. It is mostly from the medical, education, and agricultural departments, but foresters, surveyors and telegraphists are also required. In the face of these needs the Commission's proposals no longer seem ambitious.

One aspect of this Report will strike all who know how the issues between black and white have dominated Kenya's short history. There is little mention of Kenya in this document. Yet no proposals could be more relevant to Kenya's problem than these. They would provide for Africans a place in the new State system which would ensure that Kenya should never go the way of South Africa. They would lead, in time, to the emergence of a group of African leaders who would be able to voice and to defend the interests of their people. They would promote the maximum of good will that is possible between coloured subjects and white rulers, and this because higher education is in the eyes of Africans the greatest benefit we have to give because it may enable them to understand what we are doing to them and relieve them from their present crushing and pathological sense of inferiority. These are some of the reasons why the bold recommendations of this Commission should have the support of those who realise that, of all parts of the Empire, East Africa offers the most immediate test of our trusteeship.

Correspondence

WHY "COLONEL" BLIMP?

SIR,—"Col. Blimp is responsible for so many of the remarks that are quoted every week in a column entitled 'This England' in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. . . . Col. Blimp is ubiquitous. He is not always in a Turkish Bath." In view of the above extracts from the Foreword to the recent publication *This England*, would it be asking too much of you to publish a definition of Blimpism, and to say why you consider that senior army officers are particularly prone to the complaint?

For the type of Colonel portrayed by Blimp-delineators—red face (apt to turn purple in moments of emotional stress), bulbous nose, walrus moustache, given to prefacing his remarks with "By Gad, Sir!" was a rather feeble Victorian joke, and the type is now as extinct as the Dodo, and has been since the Boer War.

The Colonel of to-day has little in common with Mr. Blimp, whether the former be recently retired from the army, or the octogenarian occupant of that deep leather armchair in the Service Club reading-room. For first of all he has seldom any very marked political or class bias.

As far as politics are concerned, a Die-hard Tory is exceedingly hard to find amongst his ranks. Probably at some time during his career he has been on strike duty with troops, and if at that time he had any experience of works-managers, his sympathies are likely to be with labour rather than with employers and their agents. The aloofness of the average employer, and his lack of interest in his workmen outside working hours (I am speaking of the days when serious strikes involving the use of troops were more common than to-day), were matters of perpetual bewilder-

ment to him. Throughout his army life it was well rubbed into him that the comfort and well-being of his men were matters at least as important as their military training. He had been accustomed to discussing freely with the men any grievance which they considered they were suffering, and to doing all that he could to remedy these grievances, often at the risk of making himself unpopular with higher authority. When therefore he had met employers who knew nothing of their work-people's lives outside the factory gates, and cared less, who considered it beneath their dignity to have any personal discussion with them either individually or collectively during working hours, he had come away with a bad taste in his mouth, and more than a sneaking sympathy with the working classes generally.

Similarly in the matter of class consciousness. As a subaltern he played games with the men on a footing of complete equality. As a Captain he organised their games, and as a Major he stood almost *in loco parentis* to the men of his Company or Battery. He knew their troubles and their family troubles. His wife mixed freely with their wives—not in a "District Visitor" capacity, but as a friend among friends. On their discharge from the army and prior to it, the question of their civil employment was his daily concern. Generally a poor man himself, with little but his army pay, he had every sympathy with other poor men of whatever class, and appreciated their struggle to keep up appearances

All this does not mean that at a General Election he votes Labour. However much he may be in sympathy with the outlook of the working classes, he distrusts the average Labour leader and Labour M.P., if only because they too often spoil a good case by grossly overstating it.

Someone has said that in the House of Lords no speaker has any chance of success unless he understates his case. Possibly no Labour speaker has any hope of appealing to working-class audiences unless he makes over-statements, but our Colonel feels uncomfortable when he listens to either under- or over-statements. As a soldier he is taught to deal with facts as they are, and to leave politicians to indulge in flights of fancy, only too often of the stunt-flight variety.

For whom then does our Colonel vote? It is greatly to be feared that his interest in politics generally is not great enough to get him to the Polls at all. For it must be remembered that officers of the fighting forces in this country are not exactly encouraged to take an active interest in party politics.

Finally, our retired Colonel is seldom either a Jingo or a militarist. Jingoism and blood-thirstiness are the prerogatives of the Mr. Blimps of the 9.15, and not of the retired soldier, as the latter clearly sees whenever he has to catch that train to London.

Militarism is not a British characteristic, as witness the recruiting returns of both officers and men at the present moment. Although our Colonel occasionally dons the uniform prescribed for retired officers (usually under protest), he has seen too much of war, and knows too well its beastliness and general discomfort to wish for another war. He certainly does not look forward to being called upon to perform further years of service which will add nothing to his meagre pension.

I would therefore suggest that it is now high time to demobilise Colonel Blimp, and to let him appear in future as plain Mr. Blimp.

A COLONEL

ABYSSINIANS IN KENYA

SIR,—Our organisations which are working for the economic, political and social advancement of Africans and peoples of African descent beg to draw the attention of British friends of colonial peoples and all subject races to the terrible condition of the Abyssinian refugees in Kenya and the danger of their repatriation back to Abyssinia.

During recent months thousands of Abyssinians—men, women and children—have crossed into Kenya and British Somaliland to escape from the brutal terrorism of the Italian military authorities following the attempt on the life of Marshal Graziani.

According to an official statement issued by the Kenya Government, there are about 8,000 refugees at a concentration camp at Isiolo, about 150 miles south of the Abyssinian frontier.

The condition of these people is beyond description. Epidemics of smallpox, malaria, typhoid and dysentery broke out among them when they first arrived and a small hospital had to be set up. Smaller camps have since been organised in other parts of the colony. Apart from small contributions of money, clothes and medicines sent from England and America by negro organisations and English friends of Abyssinia, no organised assistance has been rendered the refugees by the League of Nations.

But what is even more alarming, and should be known to the widest section of the British public, is the recent statement of the Governor of Kenya, Air Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. Addressing the members of the Legislative Council on October 30th His Excellency said that the Abyssinians now in Kenya will not be allowed to settle there, since the Secretary of State considers it would be "unfair and unwise to absorb them in the colony."

We demand the right of political asylum for our black brothers and call upon the League of Nations to immediately organise a joint commission of white and black members to visit Kenya and report on ways and means of absorbing the refugees into the colony, without prejudice to the interest of the indigenous population.

GEORGE PADMORE,
Chairman, International African Service Bureau.
H. WALLACE JOHNSON,
Organising Secretary, West African Youth League.
JOMO KENYATTA,
General Secretary, Kikiyu Central Association.
T. R. MAKONNEN,
Secretary, Pan-African Federation.

The International African Service Bureau,
94 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS IN PRISON

SIR,—In connection with the recent disturbances in Bermondsey a number of able and intelligent men have found themselves in prison for periods ranging from 5 to 8 months. Without raising the question at all as to the advisability of the tactics they pursued, or the degree of guilt which is theirs, we nevertheless feel a good deal of sympathy for them, particularly since they are men of intelligence and will find the time passing rather slowly.

Political prisoners in the past have frequently been able to take advantage of their misfortune by reading and study, and this would not be out of the question in this case if the right books were available in the prison libraries. As far as the existing prison libraries are concerned, there is a great dearth of first-rate reading matter, but the prison Governor has no objection to putting a number of useful books into the library and making these available for these men.

Would any of your readers be prepared to send along books on politics and sociology, or works of literature, which might be sent to the prison libraries and earmarked for those who have recently been imprisoned for participation in the Bermondsey disturbances? If so, would they send these books (marked "For Anti-Fascist prisoners") to Mr. Littlewood, 49 Farringdon Road, who will be responsible for forwarding them to the prison?

GILBERT JAMIESON D. N. PRITT, K.C.
JOHN LEWIS SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

TWO QUESTIONS

SIR,—Your correspondent, A. B., in your issue of October 30th, put certain questions, on the one hand to absolute pacifists like Lord Ponsonby and on the other to advocates, like Sir Norman Angell, of collective security. Would not A. B. agree that his questions, and many other possible questions of the same kind, cannot really be answered? Certainly the answers have not yet appeared in the correspondence arising out of A. B.'s original letter. He has himself shown Professor Haldane's point, an immensely important one, to be irrelevant to the immediate controversy. Sir Francis Acland answers in effect that he would, as a supporter of the League, act under Article 16 in the same way as Bruno Mussolini in Abyssinia, but in a different spirit. To which presumably A. B. would retort that in that case his action would be less effective.

But if A. B. cannot decide between absolute pacifism and advocacy of collective security he will not only lose his own peace of mind but also cease to be an effective propagandist for pacifism.

Having some experience of how agonising is this position, may I try and help him by suggesting that there is no logical inconsistency between being personally an absolute pacifist and politically an advocate of collective security? A. B., I take it, knows that he could not, whatever the cause, act in the same way as Bruno Mussolini. Very well then, it is no good A. B. trying to go against his instinct in the matter—he is personally an absolute pacifist. But as a plain matter of fact the vast majority of mankind has not, at this moment, the same scruples—this is, far worse, a world which believes in force. The only question, in politics, is for what ends force is going to be used, for politics is nothing so much as a constant search for the lesser of two evils. It is, of

course, open to A. B. to withdraw altogether from public affairs and to resign all hope of affecting the course of the wars which are now raging, or preventing those other wars which are imminent. If he decides against such political monasticism my suggestion to him is that he can with a clear conscience advocate collective security, which implies, indeed, the use of force, but its use in defence of international law—a lesser evil than its use for the further aggrandisement of Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

C. D.

RAMSAY MACDONALD

SIR,—"Critic" quotes an opinion as to what Mr. MacDonald would have said to Mr. Keynes in 1931, had they met, and suggests that the ex-Premier would have done all the talking.

Mr. MacDonald lunched with me in July, 1931, and our talk turned on questions of currency. "I wish," he said, "you could recommend me a text-book on banking."

"Good heavens," I replied, "aren't you living with bankers and economists these days?"

"Yes," he said, "but they don't know, or, if they do, they can't explain the system to me. I want a book I can study and get my teeth into."

MacDonald, in the face of a major problem, was, I suggest, a humbler man than "Critic" thinks. LEONARD GREEN

CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—The National Council for Civil Liberties is holding a week-end conference at Old Jordans Hostel near Beaconsfield, Bucks, from Saturday afternoon, November 27th, to Monday morning. There will be three sessions at which Mr. Kingsley Martin will review civil liberties, Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., will speak on civil liberty and departmental powers and Mr. W. H. Thompson on civil liberty and industrial organisation. Your readers are invited to apply for further particulars. There are still a few vacancies, but early reservations are advisable.

The National Council for Civil Liberties, 320 Regent Street, W.1. RONALD KIDD, Secretary.

Miscellany

DUNCAN GRANT

HIS "recent work," now on view at Agnew's Gallery, Old Bond Street, is various; and the first general impression of one—even one familiar with Mr. Duncan Grant's work in the past—might excusably be: "Surely this is not a one-man show?" There is little in the decorative panels which betrays a sensibility identical with that visible in such pictures as "Fitzroy Street" (No. 23), a realistic study of a girl sitting in front of a black and remarkably solid stove, and vice versa; there is nothing obviously in common between the airy and compact designs of, say, those delightful little medallions, "Narcissus" (32) and "Leda" (25), and some of the carefully matter-of-fact still-life studies, or between the latter and the predominant interest in luminosity for its own sake characteristic of "The Yacht Club, Toulon Harbour" (Sargentesque) and the two views of "Fort St. Louis."

But the ruminative circumspective visitor will presently become aware of two things: first, that pictures of the same kind in the gallery are marked with an identical sensibility (no one could fail to see that "Fitzroy Street" and "Pour Vous" were by the same painter); and, secondly, that there are on the walls other pictures which form, as it were, aesthetic links between the actuality of that masterly portrait, "Pour Vous," and the most purely decorative specimens of Mr. Duncan Grant's art. Some of "the studies" for the big panel, "Seguidilla" (47) are particularly instructive from this point of view. Look, for example, at the nude Dancing Boy (49) and the "Head" (46) which is a study for the same figure in the big panel. In short, the exhibition, on closer inspection, reveals an underlying unity such as you would expect to find in the work of any artist of strong sensibility but never in one who was merely a versatile executant. It makes an impression such as might be made by a Miscellany in which was collected the prose and verse of a writer who was both a lyricist whose verse ran to pure verbal music, and also an observer who recorded exact impressions. You would expect his work in either direction to betray sometimes both his opposite talents together, but not always. It is in his studies of the human body that Mr. Duncan Grant's lyricism and objectivism are most obviously blended. Look for example, at the beautiful, vigorous pastel, "Pan" (58) where they blend. I suspect, too, that a subtler observer than myself would detect lyricism in the colours of that entirely impressionistic sketch, "Les Sablettes, Toulon" (20), which I wistfully covet. He is, predominantly, a lyrical painter. The vivacity and lightness of his touch and the gaiety of his colour are characteristic of the lyric mode; but I do not think it is true that it is in decorative themes alone that his lyricism tells, though there it is easiest to perceive—in handling decorative themes the artist is furthest removed from the obligation to make statements of fact. There is no doubt that he excels in handling these, and I am not at all sure that the portrait of the woman seated at a table covered with a brown cloth, which he has called "Pour Vous," will not be held to be one of the best pictures he ever painted; and it comes from the opposite pole of his talent. The colours are far from gay, but the browns, blacks and dark greens form a harmony of moving richness, while the face of the sitter and her attitude are dramatically and literally observed.

Of course, the huge panel, "Seguidilla," designed for the *Queen Mary*, and its two companion panels, "The Flower Gatherers" and "The Sheaf," dominate the attention on first entering the room. Even if the story of their rejection (after paying for them) by the Cunard Company had not excited an irrelevant interest in them, it is to these designs, so gay, free, bold and lyrical that you would first turn your eyes. I have not been over the *Queen Mary* so I cannot speak of those panels which were ordered to take their place. But I have travelled on some large liners, on the *Europa* and the *Bremen*, for instance. The decorations were lavish and ugly—indeed, on the *Europa* they were so ugly that anyone for whom the visible world exists instinctively turned away his eyes after one hurried glance. But they had one quality in common with the ship itself and its fittings. They looked expensive. When I try to imagine the response of those who decided to reject Mr. Duncan Grant's designs I find this possible explanation: they don't look expensive enough. Everybody who concerns himself with art ought to read Veblen's *Theory of the Leisured Class*. It proves how aesthetic response is mixed in most people with a sense of prestige of values, of which cost, or apparent cost, is the most important of all. That is why a high degree of finish is so much admired by the untrained eye and so badly missed. But to anyone who has separated his sense of social wealth and prestige from his aesthetic responses, Mr. Duncan Grant's decorative panels are exceptionally attractive. Such a one can stare at them again and again and find in them an increasing pleasure; but they do not look as though they had taken a long time to paint. To the naive eye the simplifications which are essential to their beauty seem evidences of scamped, cheap work; they do not contribute to his comfortable sense that everything round him has been fitted up "regardless" and exhibits roundings are a magnificent defiance of expense.

I do not think it likely that the Cunard Company will have found as good an artist as Mr. Duncan Grant to take his place, but they will have had no difficulty, I expect, in finding one who can produce decorations more in harmony with costly fittings. It is a pity, because a good design educates the eye of the beholder without his knowing it. You cannot gaze long and repeatedly at one without finding pictures which have little or no design, dull. The eye is easy to train—up to a certain point, though it always remains difficult to analyse the sources of your satisfaction or discontent. I felt myself, Mr. Duncan Grant's "Seguidilla" to be less completely successful than the other two panels; but I am not sure that I can lay my finger on the cause of that impression. If you

look at the small cartoon of Seguidilla on the wall to the left of it, you will see something has been lost. The design in both cases is made up, geometrically speaking, of two uprights (dancing figures, one a man the other a woman) in opposite corners of the picture and two groups, each made up of two figures, in the other corners; at the top corner two women are playing musical instruments, at the corresponding transverse corner a youth and a girl, also playing musical instruments. Both these pairs are masterly and lovely in their coherence and simplicity. They are as completely unified as the design upon a beautiful Greek coin. Their unity, indeed, considered as medallions, is more perfect than the unity of effect produced by their relation to the whole design; and this separateness is accentuated by their being seated on dark ovals of colour. The two upright dancing figures have a beautiful animation, but they are not, to my mind, closely enough related to each other. The figure of the naked youth below is delightful—joyous, ecstatic, splendidly vivid—but, though in himself he is better than he is in the study for the picture, he is now no longer looking towards the woman dancer above him. In the centre of the picture lies a crumpled purple drapery with a vase, and this is at once too prôminent in colour, and too unarresting in form to act as a focus to the whole picture. Mr. Duncan Grant never painted figures more simply and lyrically satisfying than this youth and those two groups of musicians. (I do not admire the dancing woman as much.) But the whole picture is not as completely satisfying as either "The Flower Gatherers" or "The Sheaf." It sounds a shocking suggestion, but I should not mind its being cut up into four pictures. "The Sheaf" is a most coherent design—two women, the upper one (suggestive of Picasso's later female figures) stretching out her arm above the other, who is gathering the sheaf. I have only one fault to find with it. The arm of the sheaf-gatherer is too large; I see no gain, only loss in this exaggeration. "The Flower Gatherers" is a faultless decorative scheme of two lovely figures. All three pictures are exceptionally poetical. Their colour is delicious. To have succeeded in blending what may be called prettiness with a large, even grand simplicity, and decorative values with real animation, is a most remarkable achievement and one very rare in English art. DESMOND MACCARTHY

SPANISH JOURNEY. II

"HERE you are," said the *guardia de asalto*, "this one is going your way."

I asked the driver's permission and climbed on to the lorry. It was empty but for two oxygen cylinders, some small crates, and a few sacks of corn which made a comfortable seat. A young officer who boarded the lorry at the same time sat gallantly in the prow gazing forward, thus providing a convenient wind-shield.

Madrid 336 *kms. Málaga* 227 *kms. Granada* 97 *kms.* The first sign pointed the direction we should follow until we branched off at Bailén on the Albacete road. The other two possessed the strange charm of things belonging to dead civilisations or to the whimsy of never-never-lands when slightly drunk. It was impossible to go to Málaga or Granada, since they lay beyond the front.

Our driver was an accommodating man. He stopped in the next village and out of sheer goodness of heart took on board—as he had taken us—an aged *campesino* bearing two live cockerels, a woman with a baby, and two others without. The officer found a place for one of these beside him, and inspired by her proximity began to sing in an agreeable tenor. She was over-plump and scarcely pretty. To the inexperienced eye there was nothing to choose between her and her companion, who shared sedately my own row of sacks. Yet the officer had made his choice in a twinkling, and when she reached her destination his eyes followed her until she disappeared down the street. "*Muy guapa*," he said finally. It was impossible to agree.

The old man with the cockerels was clearly suffering from abdominal pains. Although conversation was difficult in the keen wind, he managed to deliver a short discourse whose refrain was "*Medicina*." It was hard to sympathise, for one of the golden rules of life is surely never to purge yourself on the eve of a journey. In Bailén market or at Linares the whole company descended, so that when we reached Baeza I was the sole passenger.

Baeza Junction, as distinct from Baeza town, consists of the station, a small factory, and a score of houses built on the slope of a hill. It was a forlorn spot in peace-time. My only memory of it was of having once spent an hour there in the rain waiting for the Seville-Madrid express. Under bright sunshine it looked more cheerful, though the damaged goods yard and wrecked houses—the work of insurgent bombers—had not, from a strictly objective point of view, improved appearances.

My lorry, which was going no further, had backed into the goods yard to load up with oil-drums. I was prospecting for another lift when the factory siren began to shriek. The whole population, warned thus of an impending raid, pelted out into the fields. There were no defences of any kind. With the lorry-driver I stood on the slope of a ploughed field a hundred yards from the station boundary. He recollected that a bomb had once fallen a yard from him and done him no harm, while for my part I hoped that the raiders would aim very accurately at their objective and not think it worth while to machine-gun the surrounding country.

The sequel is an anti-climax. Within ten minutes the sirens were wailing again for the all-clear. The population was filtering back. The bombers, originally sighted somewhere down the railway line, had branched off on another course.

* * *

Villanueva del Arzobispo was not marked on my road-map. Nevertheless, it was a town of several thousand inhabitants with a commercial hotel which served as a rendezvous for the local politicians. I joined their circle round a table in the middle of which was a plate of green sliced tomatoes. We speared slices in turn with the same fork, ate peanuts and drank white wine. The circle was dominated by the local secretary of the U.G.T., a dark, gaunt man, possessed of a ready and forceful tongue. The main subject of discussion was the Non-Intervention Committee, and particularly the line adopted by the British Government. Opinion was summed up by the secretary: "England, like France, is ruled by a bourgeois Government which is really in sympathy with Franco. But even so, why is she content to lose all her influence by giving way to Italy?"

The Non-Intervention Committee is hardly popular in Republican Spain. A recent cartoon depicted a mother and child huddled among the ruins of their village, on which bombs from the raiding planes were still falling. "Will they kill us?" asks the child. "No, son," the mother answers. "Some gentlemen in London are protecting us."

That night I was given a room containing two vacant beds, a wash-basin but no towel, and a portrait of Mr. Lloyd George cut from an illustrated paper.

* * *

The technique of hitch-hiking consists of taking up one's stand at a "Control" and waiting for a lorry or car which is going in the right direction. The *guardias de asalto* in charge of the "Control" have the job of stopping all traffic and examining the driver's papers. I cherish especially friendly feelings towards the *guardias* of Villanueva, with whom I spent—though without much hope, for it was too late to expect results—an hour or two on the evening of my arrival, and several hours on the following day. In that time I got to know them well. They lived in a house fronting the main road, some with their families of well-cared-for children. They were a youthful and jovial lot—Pedro, who, coming out with his uniform coat unbuttoned, was half-undressed before being properly re-dressed by his comrades; Antonio and José, who

scrapped in mock-heroic attitudes in moments of boredom; Andrés—in mufti because he was off duty—who twice came in with valuable purchases of fowls and vegetables for the evening meal. Yet they were smart, efficient with the efficiency of regular soldiers, and well-informed on matters of politics.

Antonio had been in Badajoz at the beginning of the war, fighting as a volunteer in the militia. He told me of the horrors of the bull-ring "executions," of atrocities committed on women, of looting, of the shooting of women and children.* He himself had remained hidden in Badajoz for twenty-four hours, and then, with others, had contrived to slip by night through the enemy lines. This had been easy. The harder part was the days spent walking across country to rejoin the Government forces. Probably on account of these experiences he regarded the Fascists as wild beasts, to be fought and shot as one would a marauding wolf.

On my first evening at Villanueva a strange thing happened. Just after dusk the patter of many sandalled feet was heard down the road. A band of thirty wild-looking men swung round the corner and made for the guard-house. Antonio whisked inside the doorway the two chairs on which we had been sitting. (Perhaps he had seen them used as weapons in gangster films.) He and three other guards—there had only been one a moment before—stood imposingly before the entrance. The band of men halted. Their leader, a tall, towsled-haired peasant, began to parley indignantly, while the others clustered round.

They were *quintos*—recruits called to the colours—who two days before had left their village high up in the Sierra with orders to report at Jaén. A lorry had brought them to the outskirts of the town, but there the driver had forced them to get out, declaring that he had no permit to bring them into Villanueva. How were they to be transported? Where could they be lodged? Was there a fountain where they could get water? As José went in to telephone to the military authorities, the atmosphere grew more friendly. Many of these men had never before left their mountain village. Few had ever read a newspaper. They plied the guards with questions. What was the war like? How did you live in the army? Antonio and the others laughed at their curiosity. "You'll have plenty of time to find out. Don't imagine you're going straight to the front. There are months of training first. To begin with, probably you'll be put on building fortifications."

Some said nothing. They held their small bundles tied up in striped cloths and gazed about them. Their brown, weather-lined faces wore the expression that half the Spanish race wears, and which you never see in England or even in France. It is best analysed as an expression of candour even in evil and of complete acceptance of nature. You can recognise it in almost any medieval drawing of the common people.

* * *

The next morning I was at my post early. José's small son ran joyfully round the corner. "Papa! the milkman!" A black goat wearing a bell arrived, followed by a peasant in a smock. He proceeded to milk the goat into a gill measure. Half a pint was poured by instalments into the saucepan which José held ready. Another "milkman," using the same methods, was going his round with two cows.

Small events made up the morning. Some of the inhabitants went to work in the fields, driving before them donkeys laden with ploughs. Others congregated idly before the garage of Julio César Bueno, which was just opposite. A local car came and went, driven by a mechanic in spotless blue overalls. His favourite gambit was to shoot suddenly round the corner and pull up with his radiator a foot from the petrol-pump.

Eventually I got on to a slow-moving Chevrolet lorry carrying 4,000 litres of olive oil. Four of us sat crushed in the driver's cabin, our legs heated by the engine, our faces chilled by the wind that blew through the open window. The road wound up and down tremendous hills, which we mounted in bottom gear and descended in second. With night, rain came on. We had no windscreen-wiper, and moved more slowly still. On each side of us were lines of poplars, planted so close together that in the dark we seemed to be moving down wooden corridors. The villages through which we passed looked uniformly squalid and inhospitable. But at last we turned in beneath the archway of an inn, and entered a kitchen where a great fire blazed on the hearth.

We were going to eat, if it was only fried potatoes.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

* On returning to this country I found that two English University professors, after weighing up the evidence, had concluded that the Badajoz massacres were a myth. The deciding reason was that the number of victims varied considerably in different accounts. Have either of these gentlemen (of whom neither, I believe, has visited Spain since the beginning of the war) considered the difficulties of taking an accurate count on such occasions? I think, however, that they should go further. By applying the same test of varying evidence it should be easy to prove that, according to the canons of strict scholarship, the Spanish war itself does not exist.

PERFORMING MUSIC

ONE of the worst traps for the amateur in listening to musical performances is the subjective factor, which plays a part in all experience. When Toscanini was here recently I understand that he expressed his surprise that the two concerts which he was conducting for the B.B.C. should each have only one public performance. In Germany it has long been the custom to have two performances of each concert, and this is done by means of making the final rehearsal, or general probe, a public performance. It was one of the original virtues of the Courtauld-Sargent Concert Club when it was founded some years ago to have introduced into this country this feature of giving two performances of each concert. Nobody informed Toscanini of this fact, but, of course, he was interviewed for the press only by general reporters who know nothing by profession of music and who are—except by individual accident—completely ignorant of musical matters. This is the modern newspaper system (if one can call such haphazardness a system!), and there is nothing to be done about it. I might mention here, however, that a musician connected with one of our large dailies told me that the imbecility of the questions put to Toscanini by the press reporters who interviewed him in London on his previous visit surpassed imagination. In this matter the arts fare worse than the sciences. The agitated propaganda of Mr. H. G. Wells and others has reached newspaper editorial offices during the last quarter-century, and even daily newspapers sometimes recognise that science treated vivaciously, but without knowledge, may make them look ridiculous in the eyes of sufficient numbers of their readers to matter. Music, however, is still an open playfield for all comers.

There are other advantages than the obvious ones of giving two performances of every big orchestral or choral concert. The obvious ones are that by this means the cost of rehearsal can be diminished relatively to the receipts, and that each concert is enjoyed by twice the number of people otherwise possible. The cost of rehearsal is nowadays an enormous, even a prohibitive, one. It is not too much to say that every orchestral concert given in this country—with the exception of those given by Toscanini, who alone is in a position to insist upon adequate rehearsals—is under-rehearsed and often shamefully under-rehearsed. More rehearsals and fewer concerts would vastly increase the enjoyment of the musicians performing and of the audiences—to say nothing of their greater fairness to the composers whose works are being presented.

There is also another important point. Most orchestral musicians are grossly overworked. They play far too much for their own enjoyment, and if the musicians do not enjoy what they play the audiences will not. This overworking is part of the severe economic pressure to which we are almost all subjected. In my opinion social reformers and progressive

political parties pay far too little attention to the problem of acquiring more leisure without reduction of real income to all workers. I am not so much interested in the problem of the unemployed as of the employed. Given a dole sufficient for decent existence, the unemployed would soon become the one hope of every nation, for they alone will have the leisure, the freshness and the energy to do anything that really matters, that is truly worth doing. The employed are being reduced more and more to the level of mere drones, incapable of anything but inferior work. I need only point to the majority of the popular novelists, popular dramatists, popular composers and bands, popular journalists, etc., to prove my point. Quantity is the arch-enemy of quality, and this is a fact which no political party of any colour has yet had the courage to face.

To return from this most vital and important digression to the advantages of giving two performances of every important concert, I will now draw attention to some of the less obvious ones. One of these is the opportunity it offers to young musicians and amateurs of correcting and making allowances for certain subjective factors in their appreciation of music. At the recent Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall I heard the Monday programme over again on the Tuesday night. On the Monday night I got great pleasure from the Mozart E flat concerto, but was absolutely thrilled by the Beethoven G major concerto, whereas on the Tuesday night the thrill and chief experience came from the Mozart concerto. As both were magnificently played by Artur Schnabel on each night, I can only explain the difference in experiences subjectively.

I am sufficiently experienced and hardened a concert-goer to be aware now of the fact that some allowance must always be made for one's own degree and kind of receptivity. But it takes a great deal of experience before one is in a position to make judgments of performances that reflect one's real matured and tested opinion, to distinguish between such an opinion and what may be the mere temporary superficial reaction of a transient mood. What applies to performances applies also to compositions. One must ever add to this the disturbing factor of one's own capacity and maturity. There are great musical works which no musician or music-lover can ever hope to exhaust or even to comprehend completely, works in which the auditor will discover more every time he hears them. One of them, by the way, is Beethoven's Diabelli Variations, and I should like to draw attention to the fact that Schnabel is playing these among other things at his recital at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, November 27th. If there is a musician living who understands and can adequately reproduce this stupendous work it is Mr. Schnabel, and so this will be an opportunity for those who have not yet enjoyed one of the outstanding musical masterpieces of Beethoven to have a fresh experience of it.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

The Last Night. At the Film Society.
Dead End. At the Gaumont (from Sunday).
Wife, Doctor and Nurse. At the Regal.

IT has been a good week. *The Last Night* at the Film Society is a Russian production in which the events of the Bolshevik Revolution in Moscow are ingeniously reflected in the lives of two families. Kerensky's supporters are of course shown as consistently ignoble—is not *Vae Victis* the Golden Rule of modern Europe?—but the direction is imaginative and the acting superb. I presume the film will soon be shown publicly (with less niggardly sub-titles) and I shall therefore postpone a detailed criticism. The Film Society also showed us *Land Without Bread*, a documentary film showing the sub-African conditions of destitution and disease that prevail in a Spanish district near Burgos. Made by Bunuel, the Catalonian surrealist and specialist in horror who gave us *Le Chien Andalou* and the *Age d'Or*, this film is the most painful I have ever seen. "A sure winner for the Femina Vie Malheureuse prize" I heard a man say, vainly seeking to relieve his harrowed emotions.

But when it comes to the marriage of propaganda and art Hollywood can hold its own. *Dead End* is not only a most persuasive plea for fairer social conditions, but a brilliantly imaginative piece of cinema into the bargain. It is the sort of picture which makes you feel tolerant of the people who talk of the films as the Art of the Future. So austerely does it disdain the usual irrelevancies that it comes near to preserving the Aristotelian unities. The camera never wanders more than a few hundred yards afield: its subject is life near the East River, in that section of New York where the waterfront tenements have been partly replaced by expensive blocks of flats rented by rich people who have discovered that the view is picturesque. A little too picturesque; cheek by jowl with the elegance and the lifts and the hall-porters, the back-street squalor persists, moulding the children in its own hideous image. Seldom has the contrast between rich and poor been so directly and bitterly stated. The rich are visible, scarcely caricatured; but it is among the poor that we are plunged. Without insisting, the film spares us nothing of their life; the smell, the squalling babies, the lack of privacy, the bugs. The slum children form themselves into gangs; it is no wonder, they are forced to fight for every inch of their playing grounds. Theirs is the very soil that produces public enemies, and the real-life gangsters are their idols. "Baby Face" Martin, who has himself risen from their ranks, returns, with the blood of eight men on his hands and a price on his head, to look for his mother and his girl. The girl is on the streets and diseased; the mother, in a scene of extraordinary emotional power, rounds upon her son and curses him. (In this brief part Marjorie Main recalls the finest playing of the Abbey Theatre actors.) Humphrey Bogart will not disappoint his growing army of admirers as the gangster, while Joel McCrea and Sylvia Sidney represent with transparent honesty the two young people who are most revolted by the conditions which surround them.

It is the faces of the *Dead End* kids that you will remember longest; they have, I believe, been playing these parts for a couple of years on the New York stage, but their performance remains startlingly real. It is almost impossible to think of these sharp-witted little toughs as actors. When "Baby Face" suggests that they use knives against the rival gang, they are for an instant surprised; somebody murmurs that it is not "fair," since knives were not agreed upon. But it does not take long to convince them that that is fancy talk; when you fight you fight to win. The film constantly returns to this intensely vivid group and it misses none of the eternal street-urchin humour of their collisions with authority. One of them, "Spit," played by Leo Gorcey, is a face that we shall see again; mocking, conceited, repulsive, attractive, he rivets our eyes. Wylie's direction, Toland's photography, and Lillian Hellman's dialogue are alike swift, cunning, and aware of beauty in the heart of ugliness. There are no dead patches; you hardly care to light a cigarette for fear of missing something. And at the end, when the camera, retracing its initial steps, lifts you back among the pinnacles of Manhattan, you feel murderous towards the idiots who fumble for their coats and cannot wait.

Nothing else is very repaying. *Wife, Doctor and Nurse* spins out to a great length the conventional wife-secretary triangle. Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce do their best to put life into the pedestrian story; but about the set there seems to hover some privileged silly ass who keeps on butting in with: "Say, wouldn't it be swell to have him slip up on the mat as he goes around the bed?" Accordingly he slips up; and after a little of this sort of horseplay we lose all interest in the protagonists, and are hardly surprised when, having sketchily fixed up their troubles, they *all* slip up again at the end. There we leave them, higgledy-piggledy on the floor; acrobatically considered, as boring a trio as we have seen.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Habima Players at the Savoy

The Habima Players (Hebrew Theatre of Palestine) have claims to be considered the best company of actors in the world. At the Savoy they are giving four plays: *The Dybbuk* (till the end of this week), *Uriel Acosta*, *The Wandering Jew*, *The Golem's Dream*. The performances, of course, are in Hebrew, but this is far less of a check than might be supposed. A critic who might have been cautious of recommending to everyone, say, a visit to the Nō plays, Herr Moissi's *Hamlet* or Uday Shan Khar's dancers, need in this case have no hesitation at all. "Break your engagements," he feels bound to say, "go and see the Habima Players. It is not necessary that you should understand *everything* about these performances—there's enough in any case to bowl you over." We even cease after a while to miss the details of speech, so magnificently expressive is the acting: each pair of hands is used as a ballet-dancer uses his feet, voices have a range of incantation almost as elaborate as opera. *The Dybbuk*, in fact, compared with our own stage convention is more than half-way to opera-ballet. Formality is imposed by the theme—the legend of a wandering soul, a dead man who takes possession of his beloved and is exorcised by Rabbis—and by the background, a mystical community of poor Jews in Poland during the last century. Ritual, the analogy of sex and religion, play a large part in the action; even at the most ribald moments—and the text is at times disconcertingly ribald—we are aware that this wild dance is going on before an altar. Superficially, the mood of the whole play is extremely Russian; it might be *Boris Godounov* interrupted by dancers from *Petrouchka*. The ballet of the second act, beggars capering at a wedding, is a vision so gigantic, grim and comic that it overshadows the rest of the play. This is real Breughel. How far *The Dybbuk* is a "good" play one hardly knows by the end of the evening. As acted, mimed, danced, and chanted by the Habima Players, each of whom seems a master, it makes an immediate and overwhelming impression.

The Ballet Club at the Mercury

Madame Rambert, with a stage the size of a pocket-handkerchief, continues to offer us ballets which are an enchantment. Her taste is more sure than that of any of the big companies. The costumes are always not only elegant but suitable for dancers, the music is invariably delightful, and often agreeably unfamiliar. Moreover, Mr. Charles Lynch, the pianist, plays so well that one would willingly take a blind friend to these ballets—which is more than one could say about Col. de Basil's productions. At the Ballet Club one knows one will be free alike from yearning Central European pretentiousness and from cosy Cotswold articraftiness. The new ballet, *Cross-gartered*, is a delightful morsel of gaiety based on the letter hoax in *Twelfth Night*. Miss Wendy Toye has designed the choreography very skilfully, and shows the most comic sense in her performance as Olivia. Mr. Frank Staff makes an unusually agile and handsome Sir Andrew, and Mr. Walter Gore is the ideal Malvolio. The brilliant costumes are taken from the Renaissance designer, Burnacini, and the music, also by a Renaissance Italian, Frescobaldi, fell very sweetly on the ear. Congratulations! The programme included *The Planets*, which fills the Mercury stage a little too tightly, the *Mephisto Valse*, played superbly by Mr. Lynch, and danced excellently by Miss Elizabeth Schooling and Mr. Walter Gore, and Miss Andrée Howard's enchanting *La Muse s'amuse*. Miss Peggy von Praagh, Miss Angela Duke, Miss Daphne Gow and Mr. Leo Kersley are all dancers who promise very well indeed. Altogether an evening of youth, gaiety and beauty.

Jussi Bjorling

Afraid of being saddled with yet another "new Caruso," the critics have tended to underestimate this remarkable young Swedish tenor. It is true that he has much to learn; that his Italian and, more surprisingly, his German are defective, and that there are occasional dead patches in his singing where the imagination has ceased to function and only the voice remains. But these are trifles set against the fact that he is the real thing; a genuine tenor with a finely poised flow of beautiful tone. He has what Rossini declared to be the three first attributes of a singer: *de la voix, de la voix, et puis de la voix*. Even his occasional stolidity as an artist saves him from the usual lachrymose excesses of his kind; while in the "Ingemisco" from Verdi's *Requiem* his imagination lit up and he gave us a noble and fervid performance. It would be interesting to know when we are to hear him at Covent Garden. For the past four or five years he has been the principal lyric tenor of the Stockholm Opera; every musician you meet in the Scandinavian countries talks about him. Except for Martinelli, no recent tenor at Covent Garden is in the same class. But it is the usual story; Bjorling is now on his way to the Metropolitan and after a few successful (and strenuous) seasons there we shall perhaps be allowed to hear him—at a proportionately increased fee.

Three Imperial Airways Films

On Friday Imperial Airways, through the Strand Film Company, gave a preview of three documentaries—*Air Outpost*, *Watch and Ward in the Air*, and *The Future is in the Air*. The first two, directed and commented by Mr. Ralph Keen were admirable. *Air Outpost* shows a remote Arab port on the Persian Gulf, Sharjah, and takes us through a day at the aerodrome. Natives go to market, chiefs ride by with their falcons, air officials play deck tennis, and then signals from the approaching air liner begin to come in, weather reports are taken, searchlights put out, rooms inspected. At sunset the huge plane arrives and lands on the desert. At dawn it goes off again. The film gave an impression of mystery and efficiency—for air travel does not spoil the countryside, and the little groups of white people set down in the wilds are far more isolated than road or railway officials—the civilisation they bring goes no further than their compound. *Watch and Ward* describes the training—in mathematics, engineering, and small boat sailing—of a long distance pilot, and we see him navigating from Croydon to Plymouth and follow the use he makes of instruments, maps and reports from the aerodromes. The film assumed that the audience were interested in and could grasp the elements of navigation and trigonometry, and they were right too. To be treated as an intelligent person and shown such intelligent methods was a delight. The third film celebrated the development by which all letters for British Africa and India and Australia will go by air mail. It showed glimpses of their journey from Croydon to Australia. The travel parts were good, but one felt the dance from Bali and the elephants pulling teak and the pictures of Angkor hardly fell to the ordinary air-traveller's lot. They seemed to belong elsewhere. The commentary was over-intimate, closely imitating Arden's Post Office film and the Worthington advertisements. A clear new world that won't interfere with the charm of the old one is the impression that lingers—and the beauty of the new flying boats.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 19th—
- Assembly of British Youth Organisations, Grand Hotel, Bristol. Till November 21st. Particulars from 15A Grosvenor Crescent.

SATURDAY, November 20th—
- Conference of East London Teachers' Assn.: "Education for the People's Children," Limehouse Church Inst., 2.30.
- Royal College of Art Students' Group Annual Exhibition, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.30. Till December 11th.
- Recital by Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Morley College, 8.

SUNDAY, November 21st—
- Alec Craig on "The Supremacy of Ethics," 153 Finchley Rd., 6.15.
- "The Bowery Touch," New Shop Window Production, Strand.

TUESDAY, November 23rd—
- Gerald Bailey on "New Trends in the Peace Movement," Friends House, 1.20.
- H. St. J. B. Philby on "African Contacts with Arabia," Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.
- J. C. Trevor on "Some Anthropological Considerations of Race Crossing," Royal Society, 5.15.
- Bertrand Russell on "The Pacifist Case," Conway Hall, 7.
- Edward Thompson on "India," Morley College, 8.
- W. H. Thompson on "Recent Legislation and Judicial Decisions," Small Kingsway Hall, 8.15.
- "Macbeth," Old Vic.
- "Robert's Wife," Globe.

WEDNESDAY, November 24th—
- Frank Darvall on "The American New Deal: Whence and Whither?" Y.W.C.A. Central Club, 8.
- "People at Sea," Apollo.

THURSDAY, November 25th—
- Sir Charles Grant Robertson on "The Future of Parliamentary Democracy," Caxton Hall, 6.
- Prof. E. G. R. Taylor on "The New Soviet Geography," Royal Society of Arts, 8.15.
- Prof. H. J. Laski on "The Outlook for Civil Liberties," Friends House, 8.30.
- "School for Scandal," Queen's.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BEFORE seeing last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I had begun reading *Mosquito Coast*, by Peter Keenagh (Chatto, 12*s.* 6*d.*), and I was therefore much interested in the advertisement which informs us that only 271 copies of the book have been sold, and that the author made his journey into the heart of Honduras while still an Oxford undergraduate. It is, as the publishers claim, an astonishing record of travel and adventure. Mr. Keenagh and his friend, Mr. MacDermott, decided to explore the Mosquito coast during the long vacation of 1936. Travelling by road from the Caribbean coast, they first visited the capital of the Republic, Tegucigalpa, where they obtained a letter from President Carías, enjoining all officials to assist them. After a short stay they flew back to La Ceiba, on the Caribbean, where they charted a schooner to drop them and their equipment at Brewer's Lagoon near the mouth of the Patuca River, which they intended to explore. Bad weather sprang up while they were at sea, and the captain put in at the Bay Islands, of which he was a native. They were thus able to see something of an extremely interesting community of English-speaking people of British descent who are still passionately loyal to the British Crown. The islands and the Mosquito coast were ceded to Honduras by Great Britain in 1859, but the Governments of that country have made no effective efforts to develop either. In due course the adventurers were landed at Brewer's Lagoon, where they engaged canoes and punts to take them upstream, with Robert Trapp, an experienced negro alligator-hunter, in charge of Indians. Before they had left the last regions where white men live, they lost one of their punts and its contents, and some of their men turned back. They later sent Trapp back, and it was not long before the remaining Indian made off at night with one of the canoes and they found themselves alone. They had brought three outboard motors with them which saved them some weeks of paddling, though these gave continual trouble and scared away any Indians on the banks. Thus, after a time, they discarded the motors and paddled and poled their way along, occasionally shooting turkeys for food and alligators because they disliked them. The features of their travel were the blazing heat during the day and the myriads of mosquitoes which settle on the traveller in swarms when the sun sets. It was essential to camp early and retire behind mosquito nets. They very often slept in their boat.

* * *

In the upper waters of the Patuca they met Zambu Indians, who are darker in colour than the Indians higher up, and are supposed to have a good deal of negro blood.

> When we paddled round a long bend in the river to find a bevy of Zambu women in the water we were as surprised as they. They watched us stolidly from black eyes, standing startled and naked. . . . After the first few moments of startled scrutiny, a great mirth seemed to strike them and they were convulsed with paroxysms of raucous laughter. They shrieked and giggled, they slapped each other's wet backs, they were completely doubled up with Indian glee, but apparently it never occurred to them to be afraid.

They stayed with these Zambu Indians for four days, which were extraordinarily crowded with incident—for they were able to witness one of the quarterly mass-weddings of the tribe, in which the women are redistributed by bartering.

> There is nothing more impressive than the sight of a primitive people in a frenzy of ritual ecstasy, a group of human beings completely uninhibited and governed by instinct free from the warped temper of reason. There is nothing ludicrous about the wild natural force that moves them, so much stronger than the half-hearted passions of civilisation, and it is a little frightening.

When the climax of this uninhibited ritual ecstasy is reached and the actual bartering of the women begins, Mr. Keenagh writes that "it rather reminded one of a busy day on the Stock Exchange"; which shows that he was a little too ready to describe civilised passions as half-hearted and governed by the warped temper of reason. At this village they won the confidence of the village elder (called *M'tsumu*), with whom they conversed largely by signs, but from whom they learned an enormous amount, considering that "the difficulties of discussing theological questions in a primitive language one does not know are hard to imagine." They were lucky enough to visit a death-chamber and to put in a night at a funeral, and thus learn that the Zambus do not believe in a future life. They "have no musical instruments, no artistic expression of any kind, and only the crudest weapons." Mr. Keenagh's conclusion about these remarkable people is "they lived a quiet life of disinterested apathy." Like stockbrokers.

* * *

Leaving the Zambus, the two young men paddled on and were equally lucky with the Payas. Although their dialect is incomprehensible with no admixture of Spanish words, and they have a separate vocabulary for speaking to their women, which they hardly ever do, Mr. Keenagh and Mr. MacDermott were able to see much of their ceremonial and learn a lot about their cosmogony. "The powers of darkness are called *Mafia*" (an oddly Latin-sounding word), and the ceremonies for their placation involve orgies of drinking, which the visitors were privileged to witness. Bamboo whistles are blown and drums beaten, emaciated women mediums are interrogated about the rainfall, and "as the men dropped their solemn Indian masks their negro blood came to the surface," and they emptied the earthern jars of *Chicha* down their throats. The Payas, we are told a page or two later, "do not paint, they do not weave or make pots." They do, however, wash gold-dust out of the river, and on Mr. Keenagh's last day among them (except for three subsequent ones before they left) Tzocal, the medicine man, revealed:

> "An heirloom which had been handed down from the days of the Conquistadores" . . . It was a horse-shoe, rough-cast and immensely heavy . . . the dull patina that covered it came away easily, and the sun's rays struck it and brought out a yellow gleam. It was pure beaten gold. He explained to us that among the Mosquito tribes there are a number of these horseshoes, carefully guarded and preserved. Although they have no intrinsic value, for money does not exist, the appeal of pure gold is recognised anywhere, and the tribes cherish their golden horseshoes. We looked at it with renewed interest . . . it had been cast for the thoroughbred Spanish stallion of one of Pizarro's followers.

Gosh!

* * *

They proceeded to the country of the Vicentinos, pure Indian people, with "no music, no pottery, no wood-carving," though, as a photograph shows, they live in well-made thatched huts. From there the travellers retraced their footsteps to meet Robert Trapp at the rendezvous they had made with him, afterwards ascending another stream and having their boat carried to the Guarunta River, which they descended in time to be picked up by the schooner *Perla del Mar*. On the way they passed flamingos, "squatting strangely on tall, conical nests," which is interesting as it will be remembered that the shape of the flamingo's nest has been the subject of prolonged litigation as well as controversy. Mr. Keenagh expressly states in his preface that neither he "nor Mr. Nigel MacDermott had the slightest scientific knowledge of any kind."

The lack is evident in what they say about instinct and accounts for such vital statistics as that the Bay Island men outnumber the women by five to one, that there is a considerable shortage of women among the Zambus, whilst among the neighbouring Payas the women outnumber the men by two to one. But Mr. Keenagh's adventures arouse perhaps not-unjustified inquisitiveness in a reviewer. On page 227 they had nothing but their revolvers yet they lose both their shotguns when the boat is upset in the rapids on p. 246. And how was it that though they lost so much when everything was swamped on that occasion, including alas, cameras, films and records, *bars of salt* survived the wetting? *Mosquito Coast* is a vividly written and exciting book of adventure, but there are so many apparent contradictions that it will appeal to readers of detective stories also. DAVID GARNETT

HUXLEY INTO PLATO

Ends and Means. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Some years have elapsed since Huxley, one of the foremost novelists of the age, turned moralist. The transformation was not effected without protest. As *Those Barren Leaves* succeeded *Antic Hay*, and *Point Counter Point Those Barren Leaves*, critics were not slow to point out how the discussions were lengthening and deepening, until in *Eyeless in Gaza* the fictional framework was palpably being made to carry a greater weight of didactic material than it could bear. Meanwhile, there were series of essays, each more earnest and less witty than the last, which have at last culminated in what is, to all intents and purposes, a work of straight philosophy. The development from novelist to philosopher is not, I think, necessarily to be deplored. When the society in which one lives is manifestly preparing its own destruction, there are more important avocations than that of writing amusingly about the relations between men and women. Huxley as a novelist was pre-eminently a wit and a satirist, but wit is the product of a high and reasonably secure civilisation, and a society in which events daily outrun the wildest flights of caricature offers little scope for the satirist. Again, the creative artist demands a quiet background if he is to do good work. He also requires an audience whose release from the more primitive occupations of the soldier, the savage and the gangster enables them to attend to the products of the spirit. Under the stresses and fears of our times such an environment is fast vanishing from the Europe of to-day, and, inevitably, the interest of sensitive minds in the production of works of art declines. How can a man think, let alone joke, when the hills and valleys are filled with the echoes of marching feet? Huxley, like Plato, like Tolstoy, like Shaw, no longer wishes to amuse. He is not even satisfied to jibe; his business is to exhort. His concern is no longer how to entertain the world, but how to save it; and of this concern the present book is the fruit. How far does it succeed in its purpose?

First, as to its entertainment value. This is higher than anybody has a right to expect. Huxley is incapable of boring, and he writes so well that, however profound his matter, he gives the impression of a man sufficiently master of his subject to be at play with it. The present book abounds in striking phrases, the epigrammatic quality of which is the result not so much of artificial, verbal collocation, as of the logical drive of his thought receiving apt expression. Here are samples from a couple of pages chosen at random:

> "The defence of democracy against Fascism entails inevitably the transformation of democracy into Fascism." . . .
>
> "England invites the world's hostility at the very moment when it has ceased to be in a position to defy that hostility." . . .
>
> "Planning by individual nations results in international chaos, and the degree of international chaos is in exact proportion to the number, completeness and efficiency of the separate, national plans." . . .

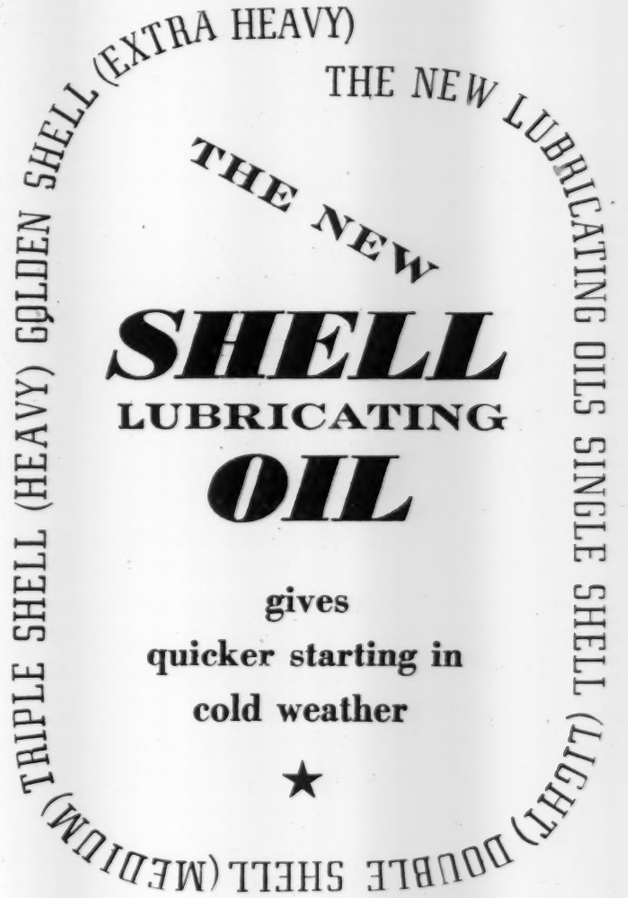
In a word, Huxley has succeeded in making righteousness readable, one of the most difficult feats in literature! Still, it must be admitted the present book is not so much fun as the novels. Much of it is definitely "stiff." There is also, I think, a decline in universality. One touch of ill-nature makes the whole world kin, and Huxley's novels were exceedingly ill-natured. The very fact that they lacked sugar made them every highbrow's cup of tea. The present book will certainly not appeal to every taste; highbrows in particular will dislike it. Its conclusions cut right across the main stream of contemporary thought, and those who approve of its conclusions will be the first to disapprove of its scoldings.

I have said so much about the manner of the book, because I despair of being able to summarise its matter, so rich is it and so varied. In the course of 330 pages all the main problems of our time are discussed, and on each Huxley has something important and stimulating to say. Briefly, his thesis is that, unless the men and women of this civilisation can learn to behave better, their civilisation will be destroyed. All the recipes currently proposed for their betterment are discussed and found wanting. Men cannot be made better by Act of Parliament, economic emancipation, psycho-analytical nostrums, or moral exhortation; and, emphatically, they cannot be made better by achieving personal power or belonging to great, glorious and conquering States. Nevertheless, they *can* be made better, but only if they come to share Huxley's metaphysical views as to the nature of the universe, and to accept the corollaries in regard to practice which follow from them.

In an interesting chapter on the possibilities of social reform Huxley shows that there are practically no limits to the possibility of altering men's behaviour and beliefs. There are certain basic ways of human acting and thinking, but these can be combined and recombined in patterns of behaviour and belief almost at will; and the patterns can be deliberately traced in advance by the legislator. To this extent human beings can be manipulated; to this extent their natures can be changed. But the changes are never fundamental, for human nature headed off from one kind of evil will find its outlet in another. In a competitive society men are guilty of the sins of pride, avarice and ambition; in a non-competitive society they fall victims to sloth. When they are rich they are vain, lustful and gluttonous; when poor, envious, suspicious and malevolent. "Large scale manipulations of the social structure," Huxley concludes, "can bring about certain 'changes in human nature,' but these changes are rarely fundamental. They do not abolish evil; they merely deflect it into other channels."

The generalisation has a special bearing in its application to the use of force. The only real progress for the individual, Huxley affirms, is progress in charity; the only real progress for a society is progress in justice, freedom and peace. Now ends determine means. Hence individuals and societies can only progress by means of behaviour which is like unto the ends which it is designed to achieve. It follows that you cannot change society by violence; you must do it, if at all, gradually. You cannot defend ideals by force; you must exemplify them in your behaviour and trust to the power of example, for, to fight Fascism with arms, is to ensure that you will yourself become fascist. You cannot educate citizens to freedom and peace by a system based upon domination and docility (the English public school system); you will only produce bullies and slaves. What, then, is enjoined? A change of heart expressing itself in a changed will.

The last part of the book consists of a series of essays in philosophy. Underlying the familiar world there is a spiritual one. The spiritual world is not personal, but impersonal. By suitable training in "virtue, in recollection and in meditation" it is possible to gain access to it, transcending the limitations of the personal consciousness and merging the self into the impersonal



consciousness of the spiritual world. This experience is described in the language of the mystics :

> The experience known to selves who choose to fulfil the ethical and intellectual conditions . . . is not their own emotion, their own volition, their own knowledge, but an unnamed and perhaps indescribable consciousness of a different kind, a consciousness in which the subject-object relation no longer exists and which no longer belongs to the experiencing self.

This is not only a desirable end in itself; it produces desirable effects upon the spirit in its dealings with the familiar world. In particular, it enables the spirit to become "non-attached," non-attached, that is to say, to personal ends, power, wealth, possessions, even to particular persons, all of which divide it from its fellows. Increase in the number of "non-attached" individuals is the recipe and the only one for the ills of the world. "There is only one way of escape—through acts of free will on the part of morally enlightened, intelligent, well-informed and determined individuals acting in concert." In other words, "unless philosophers bear kingly rule in cities, or those who are now called kings and princes become genuine and adequate philosophers . . . there will be no respite from evil, my dear Glaucon, for cities nor I fancy for humanity."

Inevitably, I agree.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE SNIPE AND THE GRAND INQUISITOR

The Private Letters of Princess Lieven to Prince Metternich. Edited by PETER QUENNELL, assisted in translation by DILYS POWELL. *John Murray*. 18*s*.

At the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, Prince Metternich with his inquisitive eyebrows met Countess Lieven with her sharp probe of a nose and realised the concatenation of physiognomy. From that moment until a cruel day in May eight years later, when Lady Georgina Wellesley told her of the existence of Antonie Von Leykam, Madame de Lieven provided the Chancellor with a stream of information. Nominally the pair were lovers. Within a few days of their first meeting she became his mistress. But what kind of love affair can it have been, where the couple stayed four hundred leagues apart and only spent ten weeks together in the whole eight years? No, the real bond between them was her desire to acquire information and his to receive it. In 1820 she was writing to him: "Apart from our passion for writing we have not a single habit in common." She knew well enough to what use she was being put, but she gloried in being a willing tool.

> I believe you when you tell me that I do not bore you—for, if it is true, as you say, that I am sometimes witty, sometimes stupid, and strong and weak and a number of dissimilar things all at once, it must be very entertaining. And then, my errors of calculation —saying too much and still being afraid that you will not understand me. Indeed, you rouse my curiosity about my letters. One day I will have them bound.

But the originals were never bound as far as we know. What happened was that, after Metternich's marriage to Fraülein Von Leykam in 1827, the Duke of Wellington obtained the letters from Metternich to return to Madame de Lieven. There were probably passages, especially in the earlier letters, which she did not care to re-read—at Aix she had been only 33 and Metternich had turned her head with his metaphysical raptures. But from January, 1820, to November, 1826, the series of letters is preserved, as far as she wished to preserve it, in a bundle of little English note-books into which she copied them in her own hand. At her death the books came into the possession of her son Alexander, who placed them in a box with other family papers and left instructions that after his death the box should remain unopened for fifty years. Prince Alexander Lieven died in the 'eighties and the Lieven family faithfully obeyed his request. In 1909, when M. Hanotau published the letters written by Metternich to Madame de Lieven in 1818–19, it was believed that her side of the correspondence was irretrievably lost. After the Russian revolution the precious box was smuggled into Germany, but only in 1936 did the Lieven family consent to open it and reveal its contents.

The letters were written and dated like a diary—anything of interest in her daily life being jotted down while vivid in her memory—but they were too dangerous to entrust to the ordinary post. Some safer method of transmission had to be employed, so Baron Neumann, the Secretary of the Austrian Embassy in London, was let into the secret. Whenever an Austrian diplomatic bag became available, as much or as little of the journal as had accumulated was sent off. The habit of writing the diary gained such a strong hold on Madame de Lieven that, when her intercourse with Metternich began to flag in 1825, she took to writing a second diary, which eventually found its way into the Russian archives and was published in 1925 by Mr. Harold Temperley. But the flowing, uncorrected style of the letters, and especially the fact that they were only written for the sympathetic eyes of a lover, conveys the personal qualities of this astonishing woman far better than the later formal diary, intended to edify the Czar and possibly Nessebrode as well. She was the wife of the Russian Ambassador; she was a patroness of Almacks; she went everywhere, met everyone, saw everything—or at least everything she was meant to see. For it seems clear now that both Castlereagh and Canning were well aware of those unofficial items in the Austrian bag that went off every week or ten days to Frankfurt or Vienna. When they talked to Madame de Lieven they were talking on a long-distance telephone to the heart of the Holy Alliance, and good use they made of that knowledge. Castlereagh began one conversation "by asking, very naively, if you really liked him. I dwelt on the subject at some length. He spoke of your wit, of your views, of the satisfaction and the pleasure that meeting you in Hanover had given him, of the impossibility of our opinions ever differing." That "very naively" betrays the vanity that invalidated many of her confidential reports. She had a wonderful gift of listening; it was an irresistible pleasure to talk to her; but the nature of the conversation was often dictated by her supposed victim, while she was revelling in her rôle of confidante.

If Madame de Lieven had confined her attention to politics, Metternich might have been better pleased, but posterity would have been the poorer. Fortunately, her interest in human beings was omnivorous. She paints pictures of all her aristocratic contemporaries, with a mocking commentary. The Duke of York at one time devoted three hours a week to solid *tête-à-têtes*, which left her flattered but completely ignorant of what it was all about. On one rare occasion, when the Duchess of York was slowly dying, the Duke made himself more intelligible :

> Her husband came again to dine with me yesterday. We talked much of marriageable German princesses : this is going much too fast.

There is only space here to peep between the fascinating pages. Lady Hertford had been supplanted a year before by Lady Conyngham as George IV's *maîtresse en titre* :

> The King's old flame was at dinner. I had to put up with her complaints, her tears, her anger—in fact, explicit confidences about her sufferings. All that is understandable, and in her place, I should certainly have thought it all (without saying it, however); but what I should have neither said, nor have thought, is that she finds the new love ridiculous in view of the age of the contracting parties. I had great difficulty in keeping a straight face at this point of the story. She is 63 and Lady Conyngham 45.

The future Archbishop Sumner :

> A new character who has entered the lists at Brighton, and who deserves mention, since he is playing, and will play, a part. He is a Methodist parson [Mme. de Lieven was somewhat hazy on the gulf between Methodism and Low Church], a young man of 28, handsome and healthy; he enjoys the confidence of the favourite, he is her spiritual director, and he exercises spiritual and temporal control over all the King's movements. . . . He sits opposite the King, and prays aloud before dinner. They listen to him piously, which looks extremely comic.

At a fête at Lord Castlereagh's :

> We tried to be very gay. He himself insisted on waltzing with me—heavens, what hard work to keep the Minister in revolution !

During Queen Caroline's trial the two ladies' coaches met in Bond Street :

> The Queen passed by, throwing me a withering glance. I saw two enormous black eye-brows, as big as two of my fingers put together : the contents of two pots of rouge on her cheeks : and a veil over everything.

Lord Grey :

> I spent only one night at Tunbridge and that was in a bath rather than a bed. The rain was torrential. . . . The only dry thing I found in the whole of Tunbridge was Lord Grey. You know he is more like a herring than a man.

And again :

> All you say about Lord Grey is perfectly true. Ambition is what keeps him alive and struggling : but he will never be a Minister. He eats too many sweets. That is what Lady Cowper told me, and it is a very sound reason. He is bilious ; his impaired digestion, which makes him so ill-tempered, ruins all his chances.

An evening at The Cottage :

> At this moment I looked up : the King was gazing at Lady

Conyngham with an expression in which somnolence battled against love; Lady Conyngham was gazing at a beautiful emerald on her arm; her daughter was toying with a ruby hanging round her neck; and I, the fourth member of the party, swathed in my melancholy black crêpe, I felt my heart as full as my head was empty.

Finally, the Duke in his best style:

The Duke of Wellington is absolutely furious. The other day I saw him arriving from the House of Lords at a dinner-party which I attended, and heard him say, in front of about twenty people of all parties: "My Lord Liverpool is neither more nor less than a common prostitute."

The original letters are in French, but the translation has been achieved with such dexterity that one cannot even detect a foreign accent in the language. The volume provides an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the inner history of the reign of George IV.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TWICE A YEAR

New Writing. Ed. by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 6s.

New Writing is an anthology one looks forward to. This is not quite as good a number as the last, but it remains much more interesting than any other contemporary magazine—if one can call this nicely printed book a magazine at all. I find the format of *Life and Letters To-day* and of the monthlies unattractive, though not as horrible as the new Fascist highbrow quarterly *British Union* (contributions by Lewis, Pound, and Campbell), with its dead wasp cover and soggy type. That of *New Writing* carries one over the page however unfamiliar the matter.

This number contains no Upward or Isherwood but partly makes up by some E. M. Forster, a description of the Paris Exhibition. This I found almost too whimsical and bird-like in places. Nothing makes me more uneasy than a false colloquialism, and such sentences as "Park of Attractions, I did enjoy myself here, I must say," and "Oh the French, the French!" which are not somehow what people really say are too reminiscent of the gossip column. I suppose everybody found different highspots in the Paris Exhibition. Mine were the Spanish Pavilion, whose contents combined the pathetic economy and lack of materials of a country at war with the most perfect arrangement and taste—a Picasso, a mercury toy, some photographs and some costumes seemed to blend into a triumph of heroic moderation and aesthetic judgment—and the Panpipe player in the Roumanian gipsy band. This last exponent of a dying art (I could find no successor in Bucharest) replaces the first violin and leads the orchestra, his extraordinary music, mostly in a minor key, sweeps over the fashionable diners and suggests the bird life of the Danube Delta, the reedy wastes, and the pagan defeatism of all gipsy tribes. I do not think Mr. Forster gets the point of Van Gogh nor of the arrangement of his exhibition (reproductions of texts, pictures which influenced him, photos of places, maps of his voyages, his portrait by Gauguin, etc.), and while rightly deploring the atrocious sub-academy pictures in the Russian Building he does not mention the wonderful map, in rubies, emeralds and lapis lazuli of the Soviet Dominions which shows the amazing possibilities of precious stones when not around a woman's neck. I wish he had something to say about the stuffed Fortnum and Mason Peers in the English Pavilion, or the German Titans with their minute sex. But he is very bright about the Eiffel Tower, Italy, and the Earth.

The best thing in this number is the new poems of Wystan Auden. I prefer my Auden pure and uncollaborated. He has genius. This time the genius has gone into ballad writing, into rambling topical comical verse of the type of *Frankie and Johnnie*. It is easy to do it fairly well, but so difficult to do it exactly right, as that careless artist Lear could have, had he tried, as Belloc did it sometimes, as Auden does it now.

She'd a velvet hat with trimmings
  And a dark grey serge costume,
She lived in Clevedon Terrace
  In a small bed-sitting room.

She'd a purple mac' for wet days,
  A green umbrella too to take
And a bicycle with shopping basket
  And a harsh back-pedal brake.

or

Victor looked up at the mountains
  The mountains all covered with snow
Said: "Are you pleased with me, Father?"
  And the answer came back: "No."

Victor came to the forest
  Said: "Father, will she ever be true?"
But the oaks and the beeches shook their heads
  And they answered "Not to you."
Have Mercy, Lord, save her soul from Hell.

I find only one comment to make on these ballads. "More!" They are followed by a quite remarkable lyric.

The poems include a good MacNiece, an interesting Lorca, a promising Mallalieu, but John Cornford, Margot Heinemann, and even Rex Warner are very disappointing. Socialist writers do not seem to realise what enormous advances in the technique of poetry and prose have been made by Auden, Spender, and Isherwood, or if they do they are unwilling to avail themselves of them. The result is that they consider poetic sentiments and political orthodoxy to be sufficient and continue to clothe them in an outworn style and a dead vocabulary. A line like "By the loss of our best and bravest everywhere" died in 1916 however vital the emotion behind it. It is no good being Rupert Brooke or trying to be Auden in 1937, a poet must start where they leave off. The Festival Song by the Georgian symbolist seems hardly worth translating.

In contrast to the last volume the foreign stories are much better than the English. Silone's "The Fox," about the anti-fascist struggle in the Swiss Canton of Tessin, is admirable, so is Sholokov's grim "The Father" and Knella's nostalgic "Taking of Pshku." The two American stories are good too, tough without being imitative. "Morale" and "The Cup" are Russian stories with too much propaganda. By propaganda I mean political material unassimilated by art, and consequently protruding to the detriment of the artistic whole. There are two interesting pieces of reportage. Spender on the writer's congress at Valencia, Kantoriwicz on the Brigade in Madrid. They are worth comparing to prove once more what an advantage the literary artist possesses over the man with a job. The English contingent illustrate this too, for Leslie Halward, who is a very promising young writer, contributes a story which deals entirely with banalities—banal dialogues, banal people, banal conditions, banal facts. Yet the mysterious dynamo of the natural writer converts them into a current which administers a distinct and salutary shock. Not so the others, not

in the vital questions affecting our country to-day—and therefore I am a subscriber to "Keesing's." Every Saturday I receive a bulletin recording all the previous week's events of importance and interest, complete with up-to-date Index. It thus takes me thirty minutes each week to keep 'au courant,' and by filing the bulletins in a special binder I am compiling my own work of reference which is always up to date.

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so Brian Harvey, who should read John Betjeman's parody "Omsk-Tomsk-Tomsk-Omsk."

> They asked, was he coming to the meeting in the next valley tomorrow night? Evan said, yes he'd be there. He went to all the meetings, nearly all. And Shirley wanted to go especially. The town looked more prosperous than the village: or rather less derelict. May lived in the town. They were going to see May. She was Evan's girl.

The higher the standard an author or an editor sets, the more severely one criticises it. *New Writing* is worth six shillings for the Auden ballads alone. That can't be made plain enough, and I know of no other periodical which deserves a review to itself. John Lehmann is an unobtrusive editor, one only sees his hand in the vague impression one gets that all the good writing not being done in England is being done in Georgia. Perhaps the Communists are right and it is a sense of economic insecurity that makes one slow to admit that Ahmed Ali, Silone, or Yuri Olesha can write as well as any of us, but it's true.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

BLACK WATERS

Broken Water. By JAMES HANLEY. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Grey Children. By JAMES HANLEY. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hanley is one of those fortunate writers who begin life without any advantages beyond their gifts and who have been put very thoroughly through the mill before they get into the racket. He was a sailor and a railwayman first, and, although he had Addison and Don Quixote in his cabin and later was shown round the hell of the human mind by his Strindberg in the appropriate setting of a railway goods shed at night, there were other more urgent matters on hand. The Spanish Knight might invoke the spirit of Amadis of Gaul, but meanwhile the ship's cook had died; young Hanley, the ship's boy, was called upon to decide how much longer he could hold on to the ankles of a man who had gone overboard in a storm and was hanging down the ship's side. The bosun, hearing of the new boy's ambition to be an author, considers him with the irony of a don and then bellows for his tea, while the mate knocks him flying for muddling his lesson at the compass. Arresting to the mind, "it was (as they say) all experience"; and a youth who spent the war years on a troopship carrying khaki cattle to the slaughter-houses of Gallipoli and Salonika might have some ground to make up when he competed with the cultivated. But he would have seen to the bottom of many things very early and would have become unshockable.

All this has given an interest to Mr. Hanley's literary history. His work has had the vices one expects, but even at his most affected there was a vigour and a level-headedness which were the abiding impression. Dull and undiscriminating he could be; he might write his stories as if he were moving in furniture and getting some of it into the wrong rooms; but when one took him to be grotesque or hysterical, he was slowly sloughing off those literary skins which had meant so much to him in the cabin next to the lavatory or in the dismal light of the railway warehouse. He was slowly settling down not to the literature of his dreams, but to himself and his experience. *Broken Water*, his autobiography, comes off because it is quiet, alive, good-humoured and sane, and because of its genuine dramatic quality. He has got back to the seaman's realism and the mature man's understanding.

These qualities make him just the man to write about the misery of South Wales. Once again he keeps his head. He has the instinct of the worker for the values of the fellow worker, and I am sure that if this book gets into the hands of the people he talked with in social centres, Labour Exchange queues, pubs, street corners, kitchens, parlours and slag heaps in South Wales, they will say, "Yes, that is just what our lives are like. That is our loaf being cut, those are our 'fags,' those are our opinions." I wish I could be more certain that the book will be read by Cabinet Ministers and that plague of officials who settle on the backs of men who have ceased to know freedom. I wish the book was in the hands of every member of a London club. For *Grey Children* is by far the best book on the great "dead house" of South Wales that has come out, and it is the best because it is the most sober, the least melodramatic and most human. The problem is here, but so are the men, women and children. A certain John Jones, a miner, age 46, unemployed for 8 years, was Mr. Hanley's guide, and his portrait, which gradually appears in the course of the book, is masterly. No "literature" has been pumped into it, no particular drama and no especial wit, but John Jones emerges as the best full-length study of a British working-man that I have ever read. Mr. Jones didn't prompt. He just took Mr. Hanley to see. "This'll interest you. This woman will tell you something"—so Mr. Jones; and he would excuse an outburst here, beg his visitor to check an impression there.

"We're about fed up with people coming down here looking us over as though we were animals in a zoo. Put that in the headlines for a change," said one miner. "Once you're unemployed you feel like a convict. There's no more privacy. You can't even hide your own feelings. You're at the beck and call of this official and that official. I wonder they don't send a man round to see us eating our meals! All we'd want then is bloody cages." said another. These men have a double tragedy: the loss of their job and the loss of freedom and privacy. In the meantime the old (you are old at 40) are mad to protect their homes from the cynical amputations of the Means Test, they are mad to prevent their children leaving their native country, from going down the pits and getting the same swindle, from joining the army. Powerlessly they see their Federation losing its strength, suspiciously they see in the Social Centres (Trelaw always excepted) an attempt to break up their traditional political unity, helplessly they see the young miners are half-hearted about the Federation. The old miner sees not merely the loss of his job, but the break-up of a whole world and tradition which he and his fathers built. And after seven or eight years of idleness, when perhaps a pit reopens, those who present themselves find their new regime is "speeded up," and none but the very young can stand the strain. A man who complains is sacked. A new device has occurred to colliery owners (Mr. Hanley provides several instances), they give a man 10s. or 15s. short in his pay envelope, and if he mentions the fact he is sacked next week. The highest wage is 31s. per week. On the one hand misery and fear, on the other victimisation and political espionage.

It would be wrong to convey that Mr. Hanley's book is a list of wrongs and grievances; on the contrary it is the record of facts, of bewilderment, stoicism and the privacy of lives which no casual inspector on a tour, no Cabinet Minister or charity lady

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SWAN OR GOOSE?

Ludwig II of Bavaria. By FERDINAND MAYR-OFEN. Translated by ELLA GOODMAN and PAUL SUDLEY. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15s.

Herr Mayr-Ofen tells well a story of universal interest. Historian, psychologist, musician, all are fascinated by the strange career of Ludwig II; but it is to the ordinary reader that this book is addressed. It is not a work of scholarship; it does not pretend to be the result of original research, and it makes no apparent use of the enormous new mass of Ludwig-Wagner correspondence published in Germany last year. It may be that these four bulky tomes appeared too late for the author's purpose; as to that we can only guess, for his book lacks bibliography, foreword, and references. That, I think, is carrying popularisation too far; footnotes, giving authority for controversial statements, are a great convenience, and their use did nothing to impair the popularity of Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

This then, is a popular life; but it is not a cheap one. For that we may be thankful; no subject could lend itself more readily to vulgarisation; if Hollywood were not deterred by thoughts of the Censor, what a mammoth film it would provide for Mr. Cecil B. de Mille—and, in parenthesis, what an opportunity for a director of genius. The outline of the story is probably familiar to most people, certainly to anyone who has ever read a life of Richard Wagner. Wagner's art and Wagner's person were, to an extent barely credible, the dominant passions of the King's life; and to-day Ludwig's principal claim on our gratitude is still that he made possible the mature creations of Wagner's genius. The boy-king's summons on his accession in 1864 reached the composer when his fortunes were at rock-bottom. His letter to Cornelius of April 8th, 1864, contains a passage which amazes us, who know of the impending event: "A light must show itself: a man must arise . . . a truly helpful miracle must come my way; or all is up with me." Six days later Ludwig sent an emissary to search for the master whom he had long worshipped in secret.

For Wagner it was salvation; for Ludwig it was at once the source of his greatest happiness and the occasion of his ultimate ruin. Within a year and a half Wagner had made so many enemies in Munich (in the homely phrase, there were faults on both sides) that the King was compelled to agree to his expulsion from Bavaria. Ludwig was a Teutonic, late-Romantic Richard II, and in all Europe it would have been difficult to find a more *bourgeois* race than his subjects. To the people who had quietly pensioned off his grandfather because of the Lola Montez scandal, Wagner appeared nothing but a Lolus. Unable to guess at his enormous creative energy, they saw nothing but his incapacity for frugal living, his colossal debts, and his immeasurable influence over the young King. Ludwig was indeed, as the shocked Müncheners complained, infatuated; after the enforced separation from his beloved he poured out his heart in a stream of telegrams and letters of the wildest indiscretion. When he understood that it would never again be possible for Wagner to live in Munich, indeed that the Master himself, in his inexhaustible vitality, was already planning his own Bayreuth theatre and entering upon his golden period of domestic happiness with Cosima, then he sank ever deeper into loneliness and melancholy, rousing himself only to plunge into those architectural and sexual diversions of which it is difficult to say which were the more fantastic.

The delusions of god-like grandeur, the unrestrained egomania, and the divorce from all reality that closed over the later years of his life had been there in embryo from the beginning; I could wish that Herr Mayr-Ofen, who claims to have treated the question of Ludwig's mental illness "from a modern psychological point of view" had in fact probed more deeply into the vexed question of its origins. To what extent was it hereditary, to what extent the result of a narrow, restrictive education imposed upon a soaring, idealistic spirit? The tendency to mental disease, says the author, came into the Wittelsbach family through Ludwig's mother, Maria of Prussia; we should like to hear more of that.

Whatever the cause, he grew up to be the unhappiest of men: an artist without an art, and, what was worse, without any real taste in any of the arts, only an enormous ungoverned enthusiasm for the idea of Art. It is pathetic to read, in his diary, his uneasy repudiation of the idea that his buildings were mere imitations; he was so anxious that, just as there was a *Style Louis XIV*, so there should be a *Stil Ludwig II*. Even his adoration of Wagner was probably based rather on the romantic spell of his mythological subjects and the colossal scale of his creations than upon their actual musical content. It is a curious fact that as a statesman he made quite a good showing; once convinced of the importance of supporting Bismarck in the creation of the German Reich, he upheld that policy with determination, and won from Bismarck himself a remarkable tribute to his capacity. But here, too, there is no doubt that he was largely under Wagner's influence. Wagner was passionately in favour of a united Germany; and even without the new letters we should have distrusted Herr Mayr-Ofen's statements that he "never wished to meddle in affairs of State" and "attached no importance to his opinions on these subjects." Was there any subject under the sun to his opinion on which Wagner did *not* attach importance?

It was not in public, but in private, that Ludwig cut such an increasingly pathetic and ridiculous figure. From the first he attempted really to live the romantic lives of his Wagner and Schiller heroes. He was delighted when, at a party given in his honour, the egregious Prince of Thurn and Taxis was seen by the radiance of a Bengal light dressed as Lohengrin in a boat, and actually singing bits of the opera in the presence of the composer. He and Wagner constantly sent each other poems by telegram (in later years the King would address his "Dem Wort und Tondichter, Meister Wagner, Bayreuth"); I can never read one of them without picturing the round-eyed, square-headed Bavarian official totting up the enormous total of words. For one woman, his lovely cousin, the Empress of Austria, he had a strange lifelong devotion; no doubt her charm was heightened by her inaccessi-

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bility. In 1867 his engagement to her sister Sophie was actually announced, and there followed an exceedingly embarrassing period: continual postponements of the wedding, at last its cancellation. "Heaven be praised!" wrote Ludwig in his diary; "the horror has not come to pass." He was so relieved that when he met her imperial brother-in-law at the Paris Exhibition he could not conceal his exuberance; not only was he "as gay as a fiddle," noted Franz Josef, but he had been up in a captive balloon with the Empress Eugénie. Such tragi-comic episodes, and others with the young actor, Kainz, and the actress, von Bulyowsky (he brought her to his bedroom, recited verses, kissed her, and fainted!) come vividly to life in this well-produced and translated book. Even the tragic ending of the story is preceded by a touch of comedy: the Commissioners who came to Neuschwanstein to certify him as insane were at first overpowered by the mountain folk, arrested, and themselves marched off to the Hohenschwangau gaol. Next day their grim mission was successful; Ludwig said, first: "How dare you declare me insane, when you have not even examined me?" and then: "I did so love being a king!" Two days later he and Dr. von Gudden, the leader of the Commissioners, were found dead in a few feet of water off the shores of the Starnbergersee. The precise circumstances of their deaths remain mysterious.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SOCIALISM FOR RADICALS

The Socialist Case. By DOUGLAS JAY. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Jay entitles his book *The Socialist Case*; but there is very little in it of what most people habitually think of as Socialism. Mr. Jay entirely rejects the definition of Socialism as consisting of nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange. The essence of Socialism, as he sees it, is radical redistribution of property and incomes, and especially the abolition of inheritance and of unearned income. There is, in fact, almost nothing in his book about nationalisation or public ownership of industry until very near the end; and even then the treatment is slight and it is made clear that he has no desire to nationalise, or bring under any form of public ownership, every industry, or even every large industry, but only such industries as there are special reasons for transferring to unified ownership and control. At the same time, Mr. Jay regards the nationalisation of banking as plainly necessary at an early stage in the advance towards Socialism, on the ground that the control of banking policy is an indispensable instrument for the maintenance of "full employment" and a high standard of living, and indeed for the effective application of any radical policy for the redistribution of wealth.

A good deal of Mr. Jay's book is devoted to an argument with his fellow-economists. In the opening sections he very effectively shows up the fallacy of supposing that the "free price system," as it at present exists, ministers to maximum production or maximum satisfaction of needs in any real sense; and at the same time he shows that it is impossible to form any clear notion of either maximum production or maximum satisfaction without invoking ethical concepts—for there is no purely economic answer to the question whose needs and wants are to be preferred. All economic thinking that is to have any practical conclusion involves an ethical standard; and such a standard is none the less valid because it cannot be expressed in purely quantitative terms or measured in accordance with a calculus of utilities or desires.

Having thus disposed of the orthodox case for the price-system, Mr. Jay goes on to describe the glaring inequalities and wastes involved in capitalism. There follows a long section dealing with monetary policy, broadly along Keynesian lines, stress being laid on the importance for the standard of living of maintaining credit conditions which will lead to full employment, and also on the dependence of investment on monetary conditions rather than on the amount of private saving. Mr. Jay admits that the monetary policy here outlined could be pursued without any Socialist objective, though hardly without bringing the banks, or at least the Central Bank, under full public control. But he gives his reasons for supposing that only a Socialist Government is in fact likely to make "full employment" its objective.

Finally, Mr. Jay comes to the proposals for the redistribution of wealth and income which in his view constitute the main part of the Socialist programme. He wishes to abolish all inheritance, beyond quite small amounts, preferring the Dalton adaptation of the Rignano plan to the alternative methods which have been suggested. With this he proposes to couple very drastic taxation of unearned income, rising to 18*s.* in the £ on the largest incomes of this type. Earned income he proposes to tax much more lightly, with a somewhat steeper graduation than at present in the higher ranges, but with some lightening of the burden on the smaller incomes. The sums accruing from taxes on inheritance he would treat as capital, thus transferring property directly into the hands of the State; while the proceeds of the higher taxation of unearned incomes would be used for extending the social services, especially in such a way as to guarantee to the entire population an adequate minimum standard of nutrition.

This outline omits altogether many important elements in Mr. Jay's argument—for example his answer to those critics of Socialism who deny the possibility of rational pricing under a Socialist system. It should suffice, however, to give a general account of the purport of his book, which is throughout well and clearly written, so that, even if some parts of the argument are necessarily abstruse, the reader's task is lightened by the manner of presentation. Even those readers who conclude at the end that Mr. Jay is much more of a Radical than of a Socialist in any ordinary sense of the term will find his book an important contribution to the monetary and financial policy which an incoming Socialist Government should adopt.

G. D. H. COLE

A BOOK ABOUT MARLOWE

And Morning in His Eyes. By PHILIP HENDERSON. *Boriswood.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a popular biography and appreciation of the work of Marlowe to which a good deal of portrayal of the Elizabethan scene has been added. Scholars will find no new information in it and will find Mr. Henderson's ways extremely annoying. The trouble is that it falls between a number of stools. Mr. Henderson makes no claim to original scholarship, but he has obviously read around and around his subject very thoroughly. He is fond of facts and for purposes of local colour draws more on history than on imagination. But he has very pronounced views on the nature of Elizabethan society and the position of poets in that society, and when he is being controversial is apt to give too few references to his authorities. This would not matter much if he inspired confidence when easily checked details are concerned. Unfortunately, that confidence is steadily being undermined by small slips.

He speaks, for instance, of gallants paying sixpence for a "box on the stage"—presumably at the Rose. In the first place, Marlowe died in 1593, and, according to Chambers, "the practice of sitting on the stage itself first emerges about 1596." The only boxes "on the stage" of which there is any record were those "over the stage" in a kind of raised gallery. And the principal piece of evidence for *their* existence is the De Witt drawing of the Swan which Mr. Henderson describes (without quoting evidence) as "inaccurate and in all probability a forgery." Of course, this kind of thing is unimportant, but it makes one hesitate about the larger generalisations in the book.

Mr. Henderson takes a Marxist view of history. He is indignant with the Elizabethan spying system, the repression of free opinion, the complacent gluttony of the rich and the poverty of the poor. In the usual process of identifying himself with his hero he sympathises strongly with the difficulties of the poets exploited by Henslowe. How they lived is certainly a problem. The normal price for a play of £6 would not provide much of a living even for the most prolific. Mr. Henderson holds that the purchasing power of the pound was very much the same as it is to-day. This is a revolutionary enough opinion on a subject on which I should like to hear experts in full controversy. The usual authorities have little to say on the subject, and as Mr. Henderson says, tell you to multiply prices by seven, eight or ten. One suspects that J. P. Collier's estimate in 1854 that money should be multiplied by five has merely been accepted and adapted by his successors. Poets certainly were not particularly well treated by the theatres they wrote for. Donne was not exaggerating when he wrote that the poet:

> . . . gives ideot actors meanes
> (starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes

Rents were, of course, very much lower than now, and that must have had a great effect on the cost of living, but even if one takes that into account it is difficult on Mr. Henderson's hypothesis to understand how the earlier Elizabethan dramatists managed to live at all. Pamphleteering, patronage, borrowing from Henslowe,

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and a little secret service work helped, but even then it must have been terribly difficult to make ends meet. And their plays do not read like the work of hungry men.

Marlowe's connection with Sir Walter Ralegh's School of Night is thoroughly dealt with, and we are given in full the document of the informer, Richard Baines, on the damnable opinions of Christopher Marlye, together with his judgment of religion and scorn of God's word. It is a curiously Voltairean document, rude about miracles and the Church, but quite compatible with Deism. Nevertheless, the statement "that the first beginning of religion was only to keep men in awe" is strong enough to make one wonder how Marlowe failed to be openly executed by the hangman. The tavern death remains mysterious. Mr. Henderson finds a great deal of Shakespeare's opinion of Marlowe and his death in *As You Like It*. The "Dead shepherd" reference is definite enough and it seems plausible to explain as topical Touchstone's "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room." But it seems stretching probability to find Marlowe in the "peevish boy" dismissed by Phebe and Silvius. The growth of the disreputable death myth which Mr. Hotson destroyed is fully described.

In his criticism of the plays Mr. Henderson is excellent on the science, metaphysics, politics and intellectualism of Marlowe. But his enthusiasm for Marlowe goes too far over *The Jew of Malta*. The Jew is admittedly not the stage villain he might be thought, but he is a less sympathetic figure than Shylock. On *The Merchant of Venice* we are told that "it was not magnanimity or a desire to gain fair treatment for an oppressed minority, that led Shakespeare to write this play, but merely the consideration that it was good copy in view of the recent affair of Lopez." This seems to me to be mere political prejudice against the owner of New Place. *The Merchant of Venice* is scarcely propagandist, but it expresses the nearest thing to an unpopular opinion that its unintellectual author can be proved to have held.

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Victorian Street Ballads. Edited by W. HENDERSON. *Country Life*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

"The broadsheet was the newspaper and the music-hall of its time. It provided "sensations," it voiced the grudge of the common man in song. In the nineteenth century, when its influence was on the wane, there were still (we are told by Mr. Henderson) six or seven hundred persons in England who earned a livelihood by singing in the streets, and a single ballad could sell as many as a million copies. Now, nothing less than a war or a revolution produces revivals of popular poetry. The "voice of the people" is heard only at elections. Miss Wilhelmina Stitch provides the thin sentimental tune to which millions listen —how rich, how varied, how good by comparison, these clumsy ballads!

Let there be six sailors to carry me,
Let them be damnable drunk,
And as they are going to bury me,
Let them fall down with my trunk.
Let there be no sighing or sobbing,
But one single favour I crave,
Take me up in a tarpauling jacket,
And fiddle and dance to my grave.

Songs for and against drunkenness, seduction scenes, fires, confessions in the condemned cell, royal scandals, echoes of war, protests against tithes, vermin and society fashion—from reading this book alone we get a very good idea of how the poor lived and felt.

He was a Dandy Oyster man,
He was a good-looking Oyster man,
And up and down the town he ran,
Crying Oysters, did this Oyster man.

Poetry, in the true sense, there rarely is—though I notice here and there a phrase which is homely and to the point. From the popular *Polly Perkins of Paddington Green*, "Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear." The men who wandered through the country chanting in pairs—one singing the first two lines of a verse, the other the last two—and the anonymous bards who provided them with ballads were, one might say, not "averse to" poetry. The first verse of *Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes* appears, slightly altered, in this collection; after that the best poem is *Massa's in de Cold Ground*—a plantation song, not Cockney imitation, though imitations there must have been when blacked faces and mournful ditties to the banjo were the fashion. Poetry, however, is not the point. These ballads do for poetry what the barrel-organ does for music; they are part of people's lives. The Union man, the protester against tithes, the crook, the roving girl, have their say.

A' kin's o' lads and men I see,
The youngest and the auldest,
The fair, the dark, the big, the wee,
The blatest and the bauldest;
An' mony a laughin' canty ane
An' mony a coaxin' sly man—
Hech, sirs! 'mang a' the lads that rin,
I won'er wha'll be my man?

What sort of picture of the twentieth century will a future historian obtain from a similar collection, say, of the most popular jazz lyrics? Perhaps a better one than we think. The music-hall and the individual genius of a Billy Bennett should provide colour. One of the ballads here, by the way, might almost have been written for Mr. Bennett (the larded fancy of that comedian grows brighter every day):

Cries William when first come from sea
"Does anyone know my Annette?
Oh say, is she faithful to me?
Alas, 'tis so long since we met."
"Yes, yes," an old gossip replies,
"We all know her very well here,
She has red lips and bonny black eyes,
And she lives with her own granny, dear."
"Grenadier! did you say? Did you say grenadier?"
"Yes, yes," the old gossip replied,
"She lives with her own granny, dear."
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

How well that would still go down. If the Holborn Empire on Saturday night is your taste you will find much to enjoy in *Victorian Street Ballads*. For a long time as I turned over these pages with their bold headlines and sometimes oddly inappropriate cuts I wondered what was missing. The tunes! Mr. Henderson, who otherwise does his job so well, has forgotten to put in the tunes.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Caroline England. By NOEL STREATFEILD. *Heinemann*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Fain Would I Change. By FRANCES HARRIS. *Duckworth*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Splendid Fairing. By CONSTANCE HOLME. *Oxford University Press*. 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Best Short Stories of 1937, English and American. Edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

A Gay Good Night. By DAVID WINSER. *Longmans*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Caroline England is not a study of English life under the Charleses; it is a novel written round the character from which it takes its most misleading title. It is, in fact, the life story of a woman born in 1870, and could have been a very fascinating study had Miss Streatfeild taken trouble with her style or her characterisation. The central figure, Caroline, is a sadly unoriginal creation. She starts her life as a sort of female David Copperfield, with Naomi, her foster-mother, for Peggotty: "There was Naomi's work-basket with its emery bag made as a strawberry and a needle case like a heart. . . ." No doubt it also had a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral on the lid. Nurse is a regular Mr. Murdstone, sex-starved Aunt Agnes is Miss Murdstone, and poor Mamma is Mamma. Aunt Agnes' sex-starvation is carefully analysed so that we can be sure that what we are reading is quite up to date. The Torrys family, into which Caroline was born, has got rather above itself on account of having owned the Manor since the sixteenth century. "Odd place, the Manor." Mr. Torrys adored his house, and next to that he adored his wife, whom he killed by forcing too many children on her—quite a usual practice with Victorian papas. But why did poor Mrs. Torrys, adored and quite rich, have her first baby without either nurse or

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doctor and with only "the nice woman from the village in the good black dress she kept for the labours of the mothers of babies of the upper class"? 1870 is not quite the Middle Ages, and Queen Victoria herself had chloroform in childbirth as soon as it was invented.

At the age of seventeen Caroline elopes from her manorial surroundings with a lower-middle-class writer, to whom her upper-middle-class family make the most unnecessarily snobbish objections. Can it be true that the backbone of England is thus divided against itself? She soon becomes Mum, that jolly good chum to a family of her own. There is the inevitable pre-war beach scene, when Caroline, her figure telling a lugubrious tale ("the nurserymaid says November"), is happy in the antics of Laurence, Elizabeth and Helen, sweet to Nurse and rather stand-offish to the Mums around her. Time goes on and soon her favourite son is killed in the war, for which fate he has been as carefully reared by Miss Streatfeild as a goose for Michaelmas. After this Caroline can only be described as a sort of latter-day Cavalcade figure, troubled by the change and decay which in all around she sees, but British to the core and never once forgetting that she was born in a manor. She finally dies, symbolically we feel, after attending the funeral of King George V. There is not one single joke in the whole book.

Fain Would I Change is also about a county family and also jokeless; but it is more unpretentious and more successful. To read it is like spending a day with some awfully nice but not very interesting people—the day could certainly have been better spent, but it has been enjoyable all the same. We meet the two pretty Miss Sucklings, their pretty cousin, Diana, their nice mother and—can it be true—here is sex-starved Aunt Agnes again. (Sex-starved Aunts Agnes seem to abound in modern literature, and I wish to say that they are most unlike the maiden aunts of my acquaintance, who are a boon and a blessing to all around them and not starved in any way at all.) The three girls proceed happily to pair off—marry is not quite the word, as Diana does without that formality, and it is nice to see them all so well suited, so much in love. Soon, however, their psychological difficulties become such a worry that we find ourselves wondering whether sex-starvation might not have been the thing for them after all. Then Mrs. Suckling, though obviously as mother of two not quite starved, seems to have risen from the table with the feeling that she could manage another penny bun, and falls in love with a film star. A little forced and improbable—still, books have to be about something, and on the whole one can believe in the characters of *Fain Would I Change* and enjoy their company.

The Splendid Fairing first appeared in 1919, and no doubt was then much praised, as it deserved to be. It is a beautiful piece of writing, although as a story it was spoilt for me by my inability to accept the premise on which the final tragedy is based. Is it possible that any son, returning home rich and happy after an exile of twenty years, would purposely delude his poor half-crazed old mother into thinking that he was his own first cousin and the son of her hated sister-in-law? Geordie does this, and it happens at a moment when the old woman has reached the culminating point of a lifetime of bitterness, and after a day of unbearable humiliations at the hand of her enemy. In her longing for revenge she allows him to go to a cruel death, realising just too late that he is her own son. Such a situation may be suitable to high drama, but makes a false ending to a story written with simple realism. The descriptions of the Westmorland country, of the country people and of the horrible November day on which the action of the story takes place are beyond praise.

Short stories nowadays seem often to be written with a lively competence which the average novel rather lacks. If there is not very much to say it is better said in two thousand than in eighty thousand words. *The Best Short Stories of* 1937 is quite a good collection. I very much enjoyed the picture of Regent's Park in Elizabeth Bowen's *Tears, Idle Tears*, the study of a mother and her little boy, written with great skill. There is a Hemingway about a gentleman dying of gangrene in Africa. Martin Armstrong creates a most dreadfully boring bore, and somehow manages to do so without in his turn boring the reader. Geraint Goodwin, William Plomer and Michael Sayers will in no way disappoint their admirers; in short, the bedside table can cheerfully receive this addition to its already immense burden.

A Gay Good Night is an immature novel about Oxford. It has a very pretty dust cover. I am sure that when Mr. Winser has finished his education he will write a very good book.

NANCY MITFORD

SHORTER NOTICES

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Fifth Edition. *Bell.* 25s.

This thin-paper volume, 1,300 pages long and measuring 9 by 6¼ by 1¾ inches, is an abridgment of *Webster's New International Dictionary* (1934). It is remarkably full and compact. In addition to the usual derivations, phonetics, postage stamp illustrations, etc., the synonyms introduced into the text under their key-words will save the word-hunter much time. There are even, among the appendices, instructions on punctuation and proof correction, and a vocabulary of rhymes. This edition (the last was in 1931) is described as "an entirely new work." Needless to say, it maintains the standard of this series, and it is up-to-date, in freshly assimilated slang as well as technical terms. It is an essentially *useful* dictionary—only below the dictionary one can read in. For those in a hurry it should prove invaluable.

Contemporaries. PORTRAIT DRAWINGS BY SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. WITH APPRECIATIONS BY VARIOUS HANDS. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Sir William Rothenstein has selected from his voluminous portfolios pencil-drawings of two dozen eminent persons, and each drawing is accompanied by a character-sketch written by someone almost as eminent. Thus Lord Maugham writes on Lord Macmillan, and Lord Macmillan writes on Sir John Reith. It is difficult not to be reminded of those Public Dinners at which guests made speeches about hosts and hosts about guests, interminably. And Sir William Rothenstein's drawings are as polite, unrevealing, and unincisive as most of the appreciations by which they are accompanied. Even Mr. Hilaire Belloc, on what should be the congenial subject of Low, seems infected by the correctness of the occasion. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, however, evades the obituary style in writing of Kipling. "He distrusted 'thought,' knowing that it separates men, or rather, unites them only on a plane of which he had little cognizance, and seen from which, group-emotions and group-morals appear narrow." And Mr. John Sparrow in his comments upon Mr. Day-Lewis also breaks away from the Wykehamist blandness of his fellow contributors.

Reasons for Anger. By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. *Robert Hale.* 7s. 6d.

Apparently these reasons were drawn forth by an amiable inquiry from Harold Nicolson apropos a former tilting of Briffault's—"Why get so angry about the business?" Of course, it is true that a man who does not get angry fairly often these days is confessing himself cushioned off from an impact we must all hope he will soon feel, still Briffault's anger is apt to go a bit beyond that. Sometimes it works very well. For instance, when he slates anthropologists for carrying bourgeois notions about the family into primitive cultures and thus proving to themselves that it is no good trying to get away from the old hearth because it is practically "eternal," he is scoring points all the way. That kind of thing has brought suspicion on many an otherwise disinterested scientist. But there is another dubious trick which is equally disheartening, that of describing the crude origin of a respectable practice in such a way that you've more or less taken the mike out of it. Just drop a remark that the work of Michelangelo, say, had its initial kick-off in the habit mothers have of forbidding their children to play with excrement, and somehow things are never quite the same. Obviously it is a gambit which offers some scope to annoyed scientists. Briffault, for instance, doesn't like Christians. He is somewhat unlawfully pleased to point out that the Christian cult of chastity was a survival and extension of barbaric notions of god-placating. Maybe. But the real matter of interest is to discover why these chastity taboos were of such vital necessity to the Roman world at one time that they were so swiftly adopted by the unlikeliest people. Was it the same necessity or another that provoked their revival among the Puritans? To bring the matter up to date, we are witnessing now the recrudescence of certain savage survivals in contemporary Europe. Is it sufficient to oppose to these that cult of normalcy and mild rationalism into which we have been driven by too many scientific "exposures" of our more hectic attitudes? The cultivated Roman did not find it so when confronted with the alarming spread of chastity. This cavil apart (and it applies to too many men for it to have any particular sting) *Reasons For Anger* consists of fourteen essays, and at least eight of them have some good solid stuff beneath the irony and the invective which the publishers extol. It should be enough.

My Scotland. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Macdonell is already well known as a satirist, and his admirers will not be unduly disappointed in this his latest production. The best chapters in it are attacks upon the Highlander and the Lowlander. The Highlander is, according to Mr. Macdonell, but a peacock who enjoys strutting even without the object of impressing his mate. To look upon his life as dramatic, either in victory or defeat, pleases him immensely. The Lowlander is a tougher proposition altogether, full of treachery, stubbornness and a hatred of beauty; more mercenary and competent than the Highlander, but invariably swindled by the English. After reading, and perhaps enjoying, attacks which he himself would not dare to make, the English reader may be surprised to find *My Scotland* purporting to be a serious plea for Scottish Home Rule. Much of the book, too much, is given up to fairly detailed accounts of the

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evictions which were primarily due to Scotch avarice. But if history is scamped and practically confined to these gloomy episodes, the future is painted in glowing colours. Edinburgh, if recaptured by the Nationalists, will be again full of activity and—what is more important—of poets. Scotland will be able to vie with the "New Elizabethan" (sic) renaissance of England, which consists, by the way, of "Squire and Shanks and Turner, Graves the Welshman, Sassoon the Jew, and De la Mare the Huguenot." Why, if one thinks as highly as that of English poetry, one should wish to desert London for Edinburgh is but another inexplicable riddle added to the mystery of emotional nationalism.

The Economics of Rail Transport in Great Britain. Volume II: Rates and Service. Second Edition. By C. E. R. SHERRINGTON. *Edward Arnold.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a revised edition of the second volume of a work originally published nine years ago, and widely used among railway students ever since. As the first volume, dealing with "History and Development," remains unrevised, and as the author has held that any account of the changes of the past decade, as far as they are concerned with legislation or public control, belongs rather to Vol. I, the reader will be prepared to find the revisions in this second volume somewhat meagre. They amount, in fact, to no more than the introduction of some more recent figures and of a few new facts, and the re-writing of a quite small number of passages. Most interesting are the appendices showing the character of railway control over road transport services through investment in recent years, and the rapid increase in the traffic carried at reduced rates. Thus, whereas in 1930 about 30 per cent. of all passengers, apart from workmen's or season ticket holders, paid the standard fares, by 1935 this held good of only 14 per cent.; and there had been a parallel, though much smaller, fall in the proportion of merchandise carried at standard charges. It is to be hoped that before long Mr. Sherrington will be able to make the much larger revisions needed to bring his first volume up to date.

Week-end Competitions

No. 401

Set by W. R. Hughes

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a sonnet *To Autumn*, written without an adjective.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 26th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 399

Set by Graham Bell

A recent book entitled *The Savage Hits Back* recorded the impression made by the white man on the native peoples whose homes he has made into Empires. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for an account by an Englishman of investigators who have made of his habits a pile of anthropological observation. The account should be imaginative rather than representational, and no libellous matter will (it is hoped) be printed.

Report by Graham Bell

The small field that entered for this competition was in effect a criticism of the form in which it was set. Several competitors missed the point entirely and gave international aphorisms on the lines of Englishman-Irishman-American jokes. While XYZ ingeniously and perversely took habits to imply clothing and wrote a critical survey of the *Tailor and Cutter* and the Dress Reform movement. No one took advantage of the occasion to turn the tables on the author of *The English Are They Human* or on M. Maurois. Of those who fell in with the spirit of the competition, most fell with too much indignation and too little imaginative apprehension of the possibilities. Anthony Wilding's account of the physical characteristics of Mass Observers is empirical to the verge of being personal. Several entries fell into the error of describing events rather than the individuals. M. Bennett has a neat descriptive stanza:

> This breed of men but rarely go to bed
> But day and night they use their eyes instead.
> This shows, of course, their lack of tact and next
> It tends to show that they are under-sexed.

While R. V. G. starts well:

> Our observers are all Watsons who
> Compile the inessentials and eschew
> Anything which might produce a clue.

but cannot keep it up.

The fallibility of anthropological technique is a frequent line of attack. "Their painstaking notes will, I fear, in many cases be worse than misleading," as one competitor remarks. But the mental and physical condition which results in laborious collection and collation of an infinite number of facts—an operation which if thoroughly proceeded with will presumably produce a complex identical with the original material—receives very little attention. Most of the accounts were too long and nearly all were lacking in snap. H. Mayor's (address, please) seems to me about the best, and A.M.O.S. (Liverpool, full address, please) (can this be a souvenir of mass observation in Blackpool?) a not very satisfactory second.

FIRST PRIZE
DEMENTIA ANTHROPOLOGICA

Stonier has quite correctly called attention to the loping ears and elephant walk characteristic of these anthropological elements, as I propose to call them, but beyond commenting on their habit of sitting in corners and writing on envelopes, and in the more serious cases, of donning a false moustache, he has made no serious attempt to throw light on their baffling disorder.

Nevertheless, there are several features that could only escape the attention of an untrained observer. First, a complete lack of insight into their illness—many of them, indeed, defend their activities in all seriousness as a form of anthropological research. The most cursory examination of the nature of this "research" reveals how feeble is their attempt at rationalisation. They expend the greater part of their energies in accumulating vast stores of useless and irrelevant information (for which they display an extraordinary reverence) about our lives, just as there are some among us who will collect such useless objects as used bus tickets, match-boxes, etc. Even the layman is familiar with the thesis that collecting is a manifestation of primitive anal-erotic trends. Scopophilia, omnipotence (the wish to be all-seeing and all-knowing—no doubt the fact that they tend to operate in numbers gives them a gratifying illusion of omnipresence) and sadism, expressed in their relentless pursuit of innocent and unsuspecting victims, evidently play a considerable part. As the disease progresses, the original underlying interest in sexual and excretory topics becomes less and less veiled until finally these unfortunates are compelled to pass the greater part of their existence in the unhealthy atmosphere of changing-rooms, Turkish baths and other such places of public resort where their intentions are only too often misunderstood by an unsympathetic world.

H. MAYOR

SECOND PRIZE

Well, the Very Superior Persons from Ghodnozware have gone. The book they will presently write is bound to be awful bosh, for their investigations proceeded on the fixed idea that anything to be observed in me which was different from themselves was either inferior, immoral or comical—or all three together. They did not mind my hearing their observations (does even a modest woman mind her pet poodle seeing her take a bath?) They said my pigmentation was peculiar and an obvious mark of race degeneration. Their own was a ghastly shade of sea-sick green. They thought it honourable to shiver in their own one-piece garments rather than adopt the clothes I wore myself (which they said were mildly obscene and too funny for words). Three of them sat on the edge of the bath-tub and watched me shave one morning, and set down the act as a religious rite of purification. They called my cold shower mainly masochistic until I started singing, "I am the bold bad Bandolero" as I towelled myself. That caused them to insert the remark, "Query, traditional war-cries of island races?" Too lazy to take a walk in Hyde Park, they had the cheek to ask me to make love

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in cold blood while they recorded my reactions. I wanted to say, "Go to blazes!" but thought it safer to sulk and look stupid. There was a woman with them who made improper advances to me in my wife's presence: how they laughed at our indignation! They had brought their own food in cases, but from time to time one of them would experiment with a dish from our own table. He was invariably sick, but as soon as he recovered, became voluble and offensive in his critical observations.

It was a helping of pink underdone roast beef which finally determined their visit. They insisted on trying it, with the usual (for them) results. I can tell you I was glad to see them go, the sneering, unsympathetic, unsporting cads. They weren't human beings so much as animated index cards. I am told their report is to appear as a supplement to the Ghodnozware "New Statesman." Well, I'm thankful to think I shan't see it. They don't take that paper at my club. A. M. O. S.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 255.—QUADROONS

By R. J. Whitaker.

The Kingdom of Algebrasia has a currency which consists of square gold coins called quadroons. A recent will of a former inhabitant of that country contained the following curious provisions. The legatees were, the widow, three sons, the cook, three maids, and a gardener. A square of quadroons was to be first of all set aside for the widow. Then a square was to be set aside for each son. Each son benefited equally, but the widow's share exceeded the total of the sons' shares by one quadroon. After this, the cook and the three maids were to be treated in the same way as the widow and her three sons. The gardener was residuary legatee. Each legacy was to be as large as possible having regard to the other conditions of the will. The total estate was 21,000 quadroons.

What did the gardener receive?

PROBLEM 253.—AN ADVENTURE IN ALGEBRAICA

(*Solution by Prof. H. Hasse.*)

11 *Knights took part in the dispute.*

Method.—The number P_n of permutations of 1, 2, . . . , n which leave no symbol unaltered is

$$P_n = n!\left(1 - \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} - \frac{1}{3!} \pm \ldots + (-1)^n \frac{1}{n!}\right)$$

For, there are

$n!$	permutations	altogether
$(n-1)!$	,,	which leave one symbol unaltered
$(n-2)!$	,,	which leave two symbols unaltered.

Hence

$$P_n = n! - n.(n-1)! + \frac{n(n-1)}{1.2}.(n-2)! - \frac{n(n-1)(n-2)}{1.2.3}.(n-3)! \pm \ldots$$
$$= n!\left(1 - \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} - \frac{1}{3!} \pm \ldots\right).$$

Now, roughly $1 - \frac{1}{1!} + \frac{1}{2!} - \frac{1}{3!} \pm \ldots + (-1)^n \frac{1}{n!} \sim \frac{1}{e}$, where e is the basis of the natural logarithms, $e = 2{,}718\ldots$. On the other hand, 28 years are $\sim 28 . 365 . 24 . 60 = 14{,}716{,}800$ minutes. Therefore n is determined by the approximate equation

$$n! \frac{1}{e} \sim 14{,}716{,}800$$

Since 10! = 3,628,800
11! = 39,916,800
12! = 479,001,600,
n must be 11.

PROBLEM 252.—THE WOLF-CUBS' CAMP

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss E. N. Kidner, Southwood, The Drive, Sidcup.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

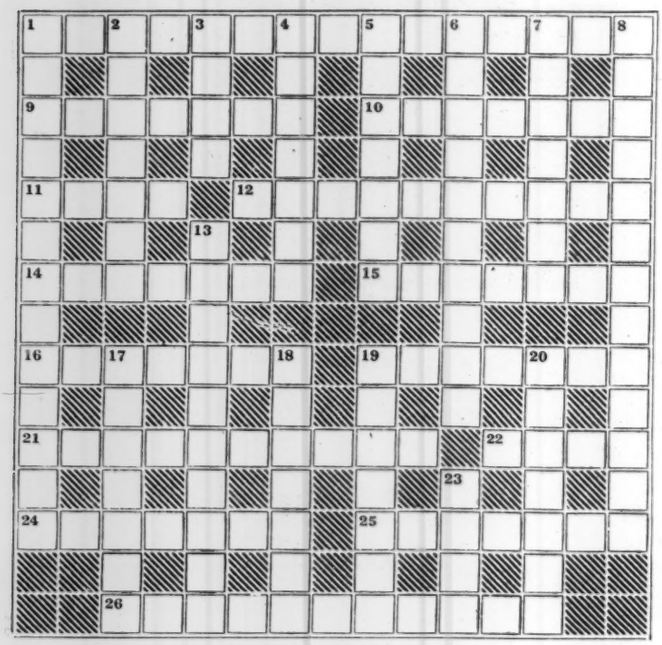
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 402

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Cyril C. C. Kenrick, Lindsay Lodge, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.

ACROSS

1. What those who keep Lent may look forward to on Easter Eve. (15)
9. Takes a first-class return to the Continent. (7)
10. You'll find me by myself in the ruined arch. (7)
11. Result of a little waterfall. (4)
12. Ready to be scrapped, so to speak, on the High Seas. (10)
14. Quite the reverse of dress clothes. (7)
15. A fall allowed. (7)
16. Give her a variety of cash. (7)
19. Italian one of those who sport round and round—on the square of course. (7)
21. His takings would not be the result of overwork. (10)
22. Bale, perhaps, with can. (4)
24. King's Scholar with torn linen. (7)
25. Not chiropodists, though they can cut the corn expertly. (7)
26. People expect to be taken in by them. (11).

DOWN

1. A wooden building for lodgers? (13)
2. The process of removing motes. (7)
3. The fate of Scandinavia. (4)
4. Scottish May Day. (7)
5. Ted got across with the ice. (7)
6. A sort of wood cutter? (10)
7. Chemical to make one halt. (7)
8. Casual sort of vessels no doubt. (13)
13. Not the gunner's cooker. (10)
17. By the way this song's a warning. (7)
18. The sort of punch you might give a tinman without fear of the consequences. (7)
19. So long as a different version of it was used. (7)
20. Symbolical devices. (7)
23. Travellers that go out to their work tired. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	O	P	U	S	■	G	R	E	Y	M	A	R	E	■
E	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	E	■	I
C	I	R	C	E	A	N	■	E	N	L	I	V	E	N
O	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	C	■	L	■	E	■	T
N	E	S	T	L	E	R	■	T	H	E	O	R	B	O
O	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	S	■	■
M	E	D	I	C	A	L	M	I	S	S	I	O	N	S
I	■	■	■	■	■	S	■	C	■	■	■	■	■	P
C	O	N	S	C	I	E	N	C	E	M	O	N	E	Y
■	■	E	■	U	■	R	■	U	■	E	■	E	■	G
T	E	L	A	V	I	V	■	R	E	N	E	W	A	L
A	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	T	■	B	■	A
H	A	M	P	T	O	N	■	E	D	I	T	O	R	S
R	■	B	■	T	■	T	■	N	■	O	■	R	■	S
■	S	O	M	E	R	S	E	T	■	N	O	N	E	■

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.
AMBASSADORS. Yes and No. Tues. & Fri.
CAMBRIDGE. It's You I Want. Th., Sat.
COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.
COMEDY. Think of a Number Tues., Fri.
DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.
DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.
GARRICK. It's a Wise Child. Mon., Thurs.
HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.
NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.
QUEEN'S. The School for Scandal. Sat., 27th
ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.
STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thurs. & Sat.
VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.
WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 430 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
YES AND NO
by Kenneth Horne.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056). Thur., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
IT'S YOU I WANT
A Farce, by Maurice Braddell.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOUGLAS BYNG, WINIFRED SHOTTER in
THINK OF A NUMBER
With SARA ALLGOOD

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, (Tem. 8243). 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
No Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mat. Boxing Day. 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601).
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Mon., Thurs., at 2.30.
IT'S A WISE CHILD
A Comedy.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK."**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS. 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3687)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

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THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
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I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs., 8.30. Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.
The Famous Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). 8/6, 4/6, 2/6, bookable.
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1st Mat., Wed. next, 2.30. Anmer Hall presents
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WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
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COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

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HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
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ERNTE
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LANCE DOSSOR—Variations on a theme by Paganini ... ... *Brahms*
Jesu Priceless Treasure ... ... *Bach*
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 8.30 P.M.
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day ... ... *Handel*
Fantasia for Flute, Oboe, Piano and Strings *Gotch*
Benedicite ... ... *R. Vaughan-Williams*
ELIZABETH DARBISHIRE—ALPHA NEWBY
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